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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

ON Saturday last the French Government issued for publication a voluminous Yellow Book on French Security. The volume, which runs to 300 pages, consists of a collection of forty-six documents, of which sixteen date from the period of the Peace Conference, while the remainder have reference to the negotiations for the conclusion of an Anglo-French Pact in the period December, 1921—August, 1923. In substance the collection yields little that is new. Marshal Foch's Memoranda demanding the Rhine as the military frontier of France, and the complete separation of the Left Bank of the river from Germany, are given in full. M. Poincaré's support of the Foch policy from the outset emerges with perfect clearness: and no possibility of doubt is left as to the official French conception of the essential conditions of permanent security for France. These are: (1) The political dismemberment of the German Reich by the complete detachment from it of the Left Bank of the Rhine (Marshal Foch expressly demands that Germany shall be deprived of all territorial sovereign rights in this region); (2) The consolidation of an iron military grip on the river and its bridge-heads. (All other guarantees, the Marshal declares, are inoperative, but "when one controls the Rhine, one controls the whole country.")

In addition to these cardinal safeguards, French opinion would throughout have welcomed a "bilateral" pact of guarantee with England of such a nature as to amount to a formal military alliance, and committing this country to the defence not only of France proper against unprovoked aggression by Germany, but to joint belligerent operations with France in the event of a threat to peace by Germany in any quarter. But French opinion evidently never regarded an Anglo-French Pact, or even the original Anglo-American Treaty, as an adequate substitute for the more immediate and concrete guarantees demanded by Marshal Foch. The second part of the volume brings out very clearly the attempts made by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon to find a formula which, while satisfying the French, would confine this country's obli-

gations within limits which public opinion would tolerate: and their inevitable failure, while M. Poincaré's "immobilism" continued to dominate French policy. An aspect of the publication to which, so far as we are aware, little attention has been drawn, is the evidence which it provides of the essential continuity and—as the Anglo-Saxon mind sees it—sanity of British policy, whether conducted by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Lord Balfour, or Mr. Bonar Law. Throughout these protracted, and hitherto abortive, negotiations, British statesmanship has sought a solution having in it the elements of permanence, because based on political and psychological, as well as specifically military factors. On the significance of the appearance of the volume at this juncture we comment elsewhere.

* * *

The rot in the franc which developed over last week-end has been stopped for the time being by the news that Messrs. J. P. Morgan of New York are giving substantial credits to the Bank of France for the support of the exchange. Thus France, while boasting of her ability to pursue her own political course in defiance of world opinion, has to beg foreign aid to check the distrust of her citizens in her own currency. Meanwhile, in their internal measures, the French Government and Chamber have reacted to the crisis in precisely the wrong direction. A Bill has been rushed through the Chamber exempting holders of French National Defence bills from the obligation to return them for income-tax. This may make it easier for the Government to go on borrowing; but it will make it far harder for it to dispense with the necessity of borrowing. Indeed, it will reduce to a nullity the attempt to secure a more effective collection of taxes, which was the essence of M. Poincaré's hotly debated financial measures. The French seem incapable of really grasping the fact that they have to choose between paying higher taxes directly, or indirectly through currency depreciation; and that safeguards against the former are the surest way of bringing the latter to pass.

The reply of the Ambassadors' Conference on the subject of German disarmament was made public in the German Press last Saturday. At the time of writing it is not known what attitude the German Government will adopt, but it is already clear that a conciliatory attitude would involve it in a severe conflict with the Nationalists. It is symptomatic of the acute sensitiveness of the German mind at the present time, that even the Majority Socialist "Vorwärts," which has always stood strongly for the "Erfüllungspolitik" (Policy of Fulfilment of the Treaty), is hostile to the proposal for the supersession of the Nollet Commission of Control by a smaller Guarantee Committee, pending the transference of the whole business of control to the League of Nations as provided by the Treaty. The cause of this hostility and suspicion even in reasonably-minded quarters is two fold: (1) Germans, apart from those who see salvation in repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles, have come to regard the Treaty as Germany's sole legal safeguard against wholly arbitrary treatment. They therefore, on principle, dislike the creation of new instruments of control not provided for by the Treaty. (2) There has in the past been talk of setting up a Committee on the lines now proposed, with the proviso attached that it shall be replaced by a League of Nations organ "when the first of the Occupied Zones is evacuated." Since nobody knows when this will be, as France does not admit that the period of Occupation has yet begun to run, the ambiguity of the clause is obvious.

After an edifying display of reluctance, M. Theunis has resumed the Belgian Premiership with a reconstructed Cabinet. There was really no other solution. The combination which upset him was based on no permanent community of interest, and afforded no basis for an alternative Government. The hopes of some Englishmen, and the fears of some Frenchmen, that the crisis foreshadowed a breakaway from France prove unfounded. It is all to the good that M. Hymans, the new Foreign Minister, is a strong League of Nations man, chosen as its first President by the Assembly of the League. He may be trusted to give every encouragement to M. Poincaré's new display of friendliness to the League. But he is as strongly Francophile as any Belgian statesman. He has been a steady adherent throughout of the foreign policy of his present chief. He was an active supporter of the Military Convention with France in 1920, and of the occupation of Frankfort in the same year. When he last left office it was largely in protest against the objection taken by his colleagues to the dispatch of French war material to Poland by way of Antwerp. He will, no doubt, use all his influence to promote an agreed settlement of the Ruhr problem; but whatever advances he may make in that direction will be in step with France and not without her.

The crucial test at Delhi comes next week. The National Assembly's rejection last Monday of the resolutions on Customs, Income Tax, salt tax, and opium revenue seems to have caused more dismay among the Government's critics than to the Government. The Government will, of course, be forced to "restore" the votes and present their Budget as a whole. If that is accepted, Monday's vote will shrink in importance to a mere demonstration in force. If it is rejected there will be nothing for it but, sooner or later, to "certify" the whole Budget over the Assembly's head. That, of course, is what the Swarajists want, and they propose to follow it up with a "mass agitation" for civil disobedience and the non-payment of taxes. But that is not what the Nationalists and the Independents want.

They wish to maintain the home rule movement on what they call constitutional lines. They persuaded themselves that this week's demonstration was a quite constitutional method of marking their disapproval of the Government's backwardness in the matter of reform. We need not quarrel with them about that, provided they vote the Budget next week. But to force the Government to wholesale "certification" would be to pursue a wrecking policy of which no one can foresee the end. The Government both at home and in India are showing a combination of moderation and firmness in the crisis which at least deserves success.

The League of Nations Council, meeting in the past week at Geneva, includes for the first time Lord Parmoor and Dr. Benes in place of Lord Cecil and the Chinese Minister at Rome. The new British representative signalized his advent by making a short declaration in the name of his Government, setting on record the conviction of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues that the League to be effective must be universal. He then proceeded to question the report on the government of the Saar Valley, which showed that in the present financial year the local gendarmerie was, for financial reasons, to be increased only by 200 men instead of the expected 500. The discussion that followed was useful and not unsatisfactory. One of the main purposes of raising the gendarmerie to decent strength is to enable the French troops in the Saar to be withdrawn. That force has, it appears, been reduced to about 1,800 effectives, and the Chairman of the Governing Commission declares that a minimum of 3,000 gendarmes is necessary to replace it. Towards that total the existing 350, with this year's addition of 200, will not go very far. The Canadian member of the Commission made a fairly strong case against increasing the expenses for gendarmerie too heavily in a bad financial year, but his argument goes for little if the Saar inhabitants mean what they say when they declare they are ready to pay for the gendarmes. In the end Lord Parmoor got the door left open for a reconsideration in the course of the financial year. The 200 therefore may still be increased.

The Balkans are always worth watching closely, and never more so than to-day. For months past trouble in Macedonia has seemed inevitable, and if it broke out, war between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria might be counted on as certain, unless, indeed, the League of Nations proved capable of keeping the peace, as it did at the time of the last serious dispute over the comitadji bands in 1922. Macedonia is now almost wholly under Yugoslavian sovereignty, and Belgrade's complaints of the comitadjis, in particular those headed by the now notorious Teodoroff, who find asylum within the Bulgarian frontier, and thence sally over the border to raid and pillage, have much justification. Stambulisky, the murdered peasant-Premier of Bulgaria, adopted a policy of definite *rapprochement* with Yugoslavia, and sternly suppressed the comitadjis within Bulgarian territory. His assassination caused misgiving at Belgrade, and the situation was not improved by one or two rather equivocal speeches of which Stambulisky's successor, M. Tzankoff, delivered himself. Now, however, the Bulgarian Government has decided to stiffen up its policy in the matter of the comitadjis, who have been exacting tribute freely on Bulgarian soil, and has arrested some three hundred of them, though not, apparently, any of the leaders. That should ease relations with Belgrade, where the Pasitch Government has new preoccupations of its own, owing to the decision of M. Raditch, the Croatian leader, to drop his non-co-operation tactics and lead his followers to Belgrade to defeat the Government

in the Skupshtina. This, by judicious combination with the Democrats and other groups, he should find it quite possible to do.

* * *

Mr. Leach's speeches on air policy continue to evoke protests in the House of Commons. As we have previously observed, none of the doctrines which he has advanced are open to reasonable objection. In particular, his "confession that air defence could not be adequate," which Sir Samuel Hoare regarded as his most heinous crime, seems to us to express truly the fundamental difference between the problems of air and of naval defence. A strong Navy can secure us effectively against attack by sea; a strong Air Force can only help to *deter* attack by the power it gives to make reprisals. For this and for other reasons, while it is important to increase our Air Force, as is being done, it seems to us unwise to aim at a definite One-Power standard. But while we have no quarrel with the Government's air policy or with Mr. Leach's arguments, the hubbub he has caused raises an important question. Both the Air Ministry and the Admiralty are represented in the House of Commons by extreme pacifists, who have hitherto denounced any provision for national defence, and who, unless they have undergone a sudden conversion, must be entirely out of sympathy with the policies which it is their duty to expound and defend. Such an anomalous situation inevitably provokes distrust, now on one side, now on the other. Mr. Ammon announces the five cruisers with an air of passing on orders that must be obeyed. Mr. Leach irritates Members by his pacifist undertone. We need not go as far as Sir Samuel Hoare, who wishes armament expenditure to be advocated with "enthusiasm," in order to hold that a Minister should be in general sympathy with the policy of the department for which he speaks.

* * *

The majority of 26 for that hardy annual the Merchandise Marks Bill is a curious episode in the history of a supposedly Free Trade House of Commons. The Conservative backers of the Bill were supported by a considerable number of Liberal and Labour Members for agricultural constituencies who professed to see no taint of Protectionism in its provisions. The Bill requires the marking of eggs and much other country produce imported from abroad with the name of the country of origin, and imposes penalties for their sale unmarked. Its enforcement must have all the characteristic effects of Protection—hampered and restricted international trade, enhanced prices, and the encouragement of inefficiency in the home producer denied the stimulus of foreign competition. The demand for it comes wholly from the producers. Traders are unanimously opposed to it. Consumers, in whose pretended interest it is put forward, remain incorrigibly unresponsive. The whole idea underlying this kind of legislation is characteristic of the Stupid Party, and Liberals and Labour men who support it show themselves to be below their parties' standards of perspicacity.

* * *

Whatever decision is reached by the miners' delegates at the fateful meeting which is opening as we go to press, one thing seems certain, that there will be a sharp divergence of opinion, and that a unanimous decision is virtually out of the question. The miners may have expected some considerable concession on the claim for an increased ratio of wages to profits, and in regard to more detailed accounting, but that the owners should offer any considerable increase in the minimum has undoubtedly come as a complete surprise even to the leaders. The owners have, however, made it clear that their offer to increase the minimum from 20 per

cent. to 30 per cent. above the standard, is a final offer, and the delegates therefore are now faced with as near a final decision as is possible in industrial disputes. There can be little doubt that the Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire area will vote for acceptance straightway, and the same course will probably commend itself to other of the more prosperous districts; but it seems equally certain that South Wales, Lancashire, and the small poorer districts will vote against. As last year the fate of the agreement, so now the fate of the whole industry rests with those districts like Scotland which stand midway in prosperity and in policy. One factor in the situation is ominous. The miners' leaders cannot ignore the possibility of a break-up of the Miners' Federation, and it is always apt to seem easier to maintain a threatened solidarity by war than by peace.

* * *

High hopes have been excited in the business world by Mr. Harry Gosling's very sympathetic reception of a deputation which waited on him to urge the construction of relief roads for the London docks. A scheme, embracing new roads from the East India Dock to the East Ham and Barking by-pass, and to the Victoria Dock, has been for some years under consideration by the Ministry of Transport. Apart from the fact that the scheme would give employment to some thousands of men, its permanent value is beyond question. No lesson was more clearly taught by the war, and no lesson has been more frequently overlooked, than the enormous importance of the distributive facilities of the ports. Unless goods can be passed rapidly into consumption or inland storage, the only effect of improved shipping services or increased facilities of discharge may be to produce periodic congestion and diminish the volume of trade that can be effectively handled. The proposed scheme should go far to relieve the almost chronic congestion at the London docks and to eliminate delays which add appreciably to the expense of handling, and consequently to the cost of living.

* * *

An American correspondent writes:—"Washington is wallowing in oil. Each morning a new can is tied to a new tail. Hitherto practically all the suffering has been on the Republican side. But the potential fees that Mr. McAdoo was to receive for potential services, coming on the top of the princely retainer that Mr. Doheny had already paid him, soar far beyond the hopes even of corporation lawyers. Mr. Doheny himself, with a most blameworthy disregard of the services the Republicans have rendered him, has publicly announced his adhesion to their party. Meanwhile the public, confirmed in its suspicion of politicians, has had its faith in business men rudely shattered. That these demi-gods were corrupt was only to be expected, but who could have supposed that they were pursuing a primrose path of financial loss? The Democrats are without a candidate. With a grey horse at the White House it is essential that their dark horse should not also prove to be a grey. Senator Ralston, with the paramount advantage of coming from Indiana, has led a blameless life of sixty-seven years of honourable anonymity. 'Al' Smith, the popular and picturesque Governor of New York, is a Catholic and a 'wet.' In the opinion of many competent judges his religion is more of an obstacle in the nervous minds of the delegates to the Democratic Convention than it would be in the country at large. But though the Democratic Party need a candidate whose personality will prove a rallying point rather than a dispersing agency, it is extremely unlikely that they will have the courage to nominate Governor Smith."

THE FRENCH MIND.

THE publication by the French Government of a voluminous Yellow-book on French Security brings to the forefront once more that perennial riddle: the French mind. For what is the tenour of this lengthy compendium? The imperative necessity, from the point of view of French security, of reorganizing European political and military conditions and relationships on lines which to all non-French minds lie right outside the bounds of political, economic, and—in the last resort—also military sanity.

In the winter of 1918 and the earlier months of 1919 it was understandable that the French mind, under the hallucination of the war-psychosis, should clutch at the phantom held out by Marshal Foch and others of security through the permanent dismemberment of Germany (by the tearing away of the Rhineland from the Reich) and through the permanent military domination of the Rhine, its bridge-heads, and its hinterland. But what are we to think of the renewed and formal presentation of this scheme for the consideration and acceptance of the world in 1924, after five years of experience have shown in a hundred ways the futility of attempting to lay the foundation of peace by a cynical and merciless use of force? For some such conversion of world opinion to the French thesis in regard to security is, presumably, the object of the publication at this juncture of the Yellow-book. We shall be surprised if the result is not very different from that anticipated by those responsible for publication. Even in France the more sagacious minds (*e.g.*, the Press of the Left, and lately the orthodox "Temps" itself) are showing signs of concern at the revelation of the spirit which since 1918 has informed the policy of France. Its effect outside France may be expected to be less favourable still.

Along with a fundamental unsoundness of view as to the means by which peace, and therewith the security of France, can be consolidated goes, as the Yellow-book at every turn reveals, a totally false conception of the position of France in the world. France is conceived by herself as at one and the same time the "ravished virgin" and the omnipotent conqueror possessed of the fullest conqueror's rights—a confusion of rôles remarkable in so frigidly logical a people. Notwithstanding polite phrases, there is no glimmer of recognition of the rights of others, and in particular ourselves, to equal consideration for their own vital necessities. At no point do the spokesmen of France appear to realize that the reconstruction of European economic life, in which we almost humbly craved her co-operation, is no less primary a need than the reconstruction of her own devastated regions, and that security for the continued healthy existence of other peoples is as urgent as the protection of France from a fresh invasion. French writers in these documents allow it to be felt, where it is not actually seen, that to the French mind these necessities of the outside world are emphatically not in the same category as those which preoccupy France.

It is time that France looked realities in the face. In the financial sphere, as the recent book by M. Clemenceau's Finance Minister, M. Klotz, shows, a like remoteness from reality prevails. To have held the view in 1919 that England should continue at the expense of her heavily burdened taxpayers to peg the French exchange, while French taxpayers evaded a like burden, was understandable, though hardly indicative of a sensitive imagination. The reiteration of the same view to-day, when four years' experience has shown the deficit in the French Budget to be not merely a fleeting phenomenon but a persistent

feature of French finance, shows an obtuseness to the standpoint of others which would be incredible, were it not of a piece with so many other manifestations of the French mind.

Where, then, do matters stand from the point of view of practical developments? After the failure of France to obtain her "military" Rhine frontier at Versailles, followed as it has been by the further failure to procure the same end through the agency of the French-paid and French-organized "Separatist" movement in the Rhineland itself; followed further by the failure of French policy in the Ruhr to extract any but negative results in the sphere of Reparations, M. Poincaré would appear to be about to shift his ground and, leaving Reparations for the moment in the background, to throw the whole emphasis of the discussion on the question of security. Old arguments are therefore presented anew, and it is hoped to win over opinion in this and other countries to the view that France should be "compensated" for the loss of the Anglo-American Guarantee Treaty and the refusal of an Anglo-French "Pact" in the form acceptable to her, by permission to dig herself in under some other formula in the Rhineland and, possibly, also the Ruhr. For this purpose the device of the "neutralization" of the Rhineland is to serve. We view with concern Mr. MacDonald's "sympathetic" reference to this project. "Neutralization," in the sense of demilitarization, is already provided for in the Treaty of Versailles. Any arrangement in excess of this will without doubt work out in practice—no matter what safeguards may be devised on paper—as a veiled dismemberment of Germany, and as such will inevitably undermine whatever structure of peace may be reared upon it. Similarly, we regret the concession made to the conventional French view that France has a "grievance" through the non-ratification of the Anglo-American Guarantee Treaty. The theory that France "renounced" the Rhine frontier in return for this guarantee, and that she is consequently entitled to "compensation" in the form of British support for her Rhine policy, is wholly unfounded and wholly mischievous. France never "possessed" the Rhine frontier, and was therefore never in a position to "renounce" it. Without Allied support she could neither have reached the Rhine nor—in 1919—have maintained herself there. Her representation of herself as having been in some way defrauded of that which was rightfully hers is pure bluff, and it is to be regretted that the new British Prime Minister should have appeared in some degree to have countersigned the claim.

Meanwhile, apart from the manoeuvres of the French official world as represented by M. Poincaré, events pursue their course. The franc fluctuates: Belgian support weakens: isolation becomes more and more a near reality. The position of M. Poincaré's Government is shaken, and the forces in France which desire a reasonable settlement are gaining strength and courage.

In these circumstances the first duty of a British Prime Minister is to refuse to allow himself to be hustled: time is on his side, and he is under no necessity whatever to concede more to France than is compatible with British interests and the lasting settlement of Europe. Above all, he should be on his guard against settlements such as that which is likely to be pressed under the formula of "Neutralization," and which under a semblance of harmlessness would inevitably become the instrument of a great moral and political wrong. Against the cruder forms of French propaganda and attempts to entice this country into a military alliance guaranteeing interests so remote from our own as the exact present frontiers of

Poland, it is superfluous to warn him. He knows that for such a scheme no British Government, and least of all a Government dependent on Liberal and Labour votes, could obtain a vestige of public sanction. Any Government propounding such fantastic schemes as have recently been ventilated in the French Press, which include a guarantee by us of *all* the frontiers which Germany might conceivably menace as well as an undertaking on our part to co-operate in whatever "sanctions" may be necessary to secure the execution of the Treaty by Germany, could not survive for a day. The more insidious temptation for the Prime Minister will lie in the desire to register a speedy and sensational success by seemingly harmless concessions of detail, which would subsequently be turned to account in ways not intended by us. Such a success could then be booked to the credit of himself and Labour, and the future left to look after itself. Labour has not ceased to inveigh against what it holds to be the immoral concessions made on grounds of expediency by Liberal and other statesmen in their dealings with France in the past. It is the more incumbent on it therefore to watch vigilantly lest its own leaders, come to power, allow themselves to be similarly misled to-day.

THE FRANC.

By J. M. KEYNES.

THE expected has occurred; and it has occurred so precisely as it was expected that we are almost surprised. The watched pot has boiled. We can, after all, repeat:—

"Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo."

But what, everyone now asks, will happen next? In a confused situation one must cling to first principles. The value of the franc will be determined, first, by the quantity, present and prospective, of the francs in circulation; and, second, by the amount of purchasing power which it suits the public to hold in that shape. The former of these two elements depends on the loan and budgetary policies of the French Treasury; the latter (in present conditions) mainly on the trust or distrust which the public feel in the prospects of the value of the franc.

With the franc between 100 and 120 to the £ sterling, the control of the former does not appear to the outside observer to be unduly difficult. When the internal price-level has adjusted itself to this figure, the yield of many of the existing taxes in terms of paper francs will naturally be increased. On the other hand, the biggest item of expenditure, namely, the service of the internal debt, will remain the same as before. Thus, even apart from additional taxation, the mere movement of the exchange has in itself a tendency to restore the budget towards equilibrium, provided always that public faith is maintained in the prospects of the national currency.

It is in this second factor, therefore, that the crux of the situation lies,—namely, the attitude of the French public towards their own currency. I emphasize the fact that the matter lies in the hands of Frenchmen themselves, not in those of any foreign persons. For the amount of francs owned by foreigners is probably not very great,—not much more than what is still left in their hands as the remnant of disappointed "bull" operations; whilst the obstacles are insuperable to "bear" sales by foreigners of francs, which they do not possess, on a really large scale. On the other hand, the volume of franc-notes and franc-bills and other short-

dated investments held in France itself is enormous,—far beyond the minimum required for the convenient transaction of business. If Frenchmen get it into their heads (as, each in their turn, Russians, Austrians, and Germans have done) that their national legal-tender money and titles to legal-tender represent a depreciating asset, then there is no near limit to the fall in the value of the franc. For, in this event, they will diminish their holdings of such assets; they will keep fewer Bank of France notes in their pocket-books and in their safes, will liquidate their *Bons de Trésor* and will sell their *Rentes*. No law or regulation will avail to restrain them. Moreover, the process will be cumulative; for each successive liquidation of franc assets and their transference into "real values," by provoking a further fall, will seem to justify the prescience of those who fled first from the franc, and will thus prepare the way for a second outbreak of distrust.

In this case the fall of the franc will not be prevented even by a reformed budget or a favourable surplus of trade. For it would be necessary for the Government to absorb the redundant bank-notes and franc bonds and bills, which the public no longer cared to hold,—a task unavoidably beyond the Government's power. We have the experience of many countries to demonstrate that unbalanced budgets are the initial cause of a collapse, but that the real *dégringolade* only comes when the confidence of the general public is so far undermined that they begin to contract their holdings of the legal-tender money.

The central task of the French Government at this moment is, therefore, to preserve confidence in the franc in the minds of the widest circles of the French public. For it is the failure of this internal confidence, not speculation by foreigners (though foreigners and Frenchmen too may take advantage of a collapsing currency to win great gains), which would prove their undoing.

Now, if they go the right way about it, there is nothing impossible in the task of restoring and maintaining confidence. The examples of Russia, Austria, and Germany are not a just parallel. Those who foresee the future of the franc in the light of such previous experiences may make a big mistake. For in those countries the problem of balancing the budget was, during the earlier phases, a virtual impossibility. The initial impulse towards collapse was, therefore, also a continuing impulse. This is not so in France. There is no impossibility in achieving a fiscal equilibrium, provided that reconstruction expenditure is reasonably postponed. I applaud the efforts of M. Poincaré and the French Treasury in this direction. But this is not enough by itself. It is also necessary to restore public confidence; and in this sphere of action every step taken by M. de Lasteyrie has been away from wisdom.

For upon what foundations does the credit of a currency rest? They are much the same as with a bank. A bank can only attract and retain the deposits of its clients so long as these clients possess a complete confidence in their freedom to withdraw their deposits for exchange into other assets, if they have a mind to do so. As long as this liberty is beyond doubt, it will not be exercised;—the deposits will rest and grow. But if it is once called in question, they will shrink and disappear. So is it with a currency. Men hold a part of their resources in money, because they believe it to be more readily and freely interchangeable, than any alternative hoard, into whatsoever object of value they may select hereafter. If this belief proves false, they will not hold money and nothing can make them do so.

Now the prime object of most of M. de Lasteyrie's Regulations is to restrict the liberty of holders of francs

to exchange them at their discretion into other forms of value. So far, therefore, from protecting the franc and restoring its credit, they are directly calculated to shatter confidence and to destroy its credit. A sufficient number of Regulations would destroy the value, precisely because they would destroy the utility, of any currency in the world. As soon as there is a doubt as to whether francs (or *Bons de Trésor*) are a truly liquid asset, these instruments cease to serve the purpose for which they are held, and holders hasten to dispose of them before the doubt is resolved into a certainty and yet further obstacles can have been placed in the way. Just as a man draws out his deposits at the bank, whether he needs the money or not, as soon as he has reason to believe that he may not be free to do so later on; so the general public and the financial world alike withdraw their resources from a currency, if they fear a limitation on their subsequent freedom of withdrawal.

What course then should the French Treasury now take in face of the dangers surrounding them? It is soon said. First, the Government must so strengthen its fiscal position that its power to control the volume of the currency is beyond doubt,—the necessity of which is at last accepted. Secondly—and especially during the interval which must needs elapse before the first category of measures can be brought into full operation—the Government must restore such complete confidence in the liberty of the franc that no one will think it worth while to enter by way of precaution into sales of francs not immediately urgent,—the equal necessity of which seems to be overlooked.

To achieve this latter object nothing more is required than a reversal of the recent policy of restrictions on dealing, of the useless hoarding of gold, of a relatively low bank rate, and of secrecy about the actual position of the Treasury and the Bank of France. The chief measures which are necessary can be summarized under three heads:—

(1) All limitations on the use of francs to purchase foreign currencies, foreign bonds, or goods, whether for immediate or for deferred delivery, should be wholly repealed.

(2) The discount rate of the Bank of France should be raised to a high figure, probably not less than 10 per cent. in present circumstances (though it might not be necessary to maintain such a high rate for any length of time), so as to counteract anticipations, well or ill founded, as to the possible depreciation of the franc. In view of the high rate of interest now obtainable on French Government securities (let alone the rates on forward exchange) the present rate of discount does not correspond to the facts of the situation and is calculated to stimulate over-borrowing. Possibly some increase of the Bank of France's rate may have been effected by the time these lines are in print.

(3) A considerable sum, drawn from the still ample gold reserve of the Bank of France, should be made the basis of a foreign credit, either by outright sale or by borrowing against it, to be available for use without stint in supporting the exchange near the present level and restoring confidence during the interval before fiscal reforms can produce their full effect. An advance of a hundred million dollars from Messrs. J. P. Morgan has actually been arranged on these lines since the above was written.

I warrant that these simple well-tried measures, in combination with political moderation and with the drastic economies and taxes without which no other measures can finally avail, would have a marvellous efficacy. After a few weeks of this medicine and with

a benevolent reception by M. Poincaré (or his successor) of the forthcoming Experts' Reports, the franc might be as steady as a rock. But if, on the other hand, distrust in the franc is countered by the methods of the Holy Inquisition, if Frenchmen prefer the concealed Capital Levy of Inflation to other forms of taxation, if France remains the trouble-peace of Europe—then the franc may follow the course of other once-noble tokens.

RESURGAMUS.

By GILBERT MURRAY.

THE one hope of salvation for wounded Europe lies in the prevalence in one nation after another of Liberal ideas and a Liberal spirit. Socialism will not help it. Class war will destroy it. Protectionist militarist Conservatism will prevent its recovery. And this is the moment when it is proposed that the Liberal Party in England should consent to die!

A great Socialist leader said to me in 1918 that his policy was to prevent any co-operation between his party and the Liberals on the matters where they were agreed, in the hope of prolonging Tory rule till Liberalism was squeezed out; then he and his friends would form their own Government. "And suppose in the meantime, through that lack of co-operation, Europe is ruined?" "It will be worth while," he smilingly replied. That saying often came back to me during the agonies and disasters of the last five years.

One does not much like to trust the country to rulers of that type. Still, one may reflect, we Liberals, especially those who opposed the Coalition Government, whatever our faults may be, are certainly not politicians on the make. If we can get the main objects of our policy achieved by voting for a party that is out to destroy us, ought we not to shrug our shoulders and do so? It is the result that matters. I want to consider here what the result would really be.

Let us clear away first some common futilities. Liberalism does not mean "Individualism as against Socialism"; it does not mean "the interest of the middle classes"; it does not mean "unrestricted *laissez-faire*." These catchwords are mostly unreal; and, so far as they mean anything, they are characteristic of the Conservative rather than the Liberal Party.

Both Liberalism and Conservatism, as opposed to Revolution, start by a fundamental reverence for Civilization and an acceptance of the existing social system as the result of long ages of human effort and progress. The difference between the two parties is one of emphasis or direction. The Conservative fears greatly to disturb or endanger the existing order; he entrenches himself in its traditions; he is sometimes apt to defend its abuses. The Liberal values it as a high stage already reached in the eternal pilgrimage of mankind, and looks on towards the next stage. He accepts Progress; he believes in light and ever more light; he works for the continued betterment of this great society. What makes him a Liberal is liberality towards new ideas and towards opponents, readiness to hear reason, and anxiety not to be misled by prejudice, nor to fall back on mere authority or coercion.

Now, all last century the chief thing wrong with England was, as it still is, the condition of the masses. Wealth and privilege were in too few hands. Social progress demanded a better distribution of both. Thus Liberalism became the party not only of Progress, but of Democracy. It made the Laws steadily more humane. It extended the franchise; it gave full citizenship to classes hitherto excluded, like Jews and Catholics.

It distributed wealth by means of the Death-duties, the graduated income tax, the super-tax. It procured a legal status for Trade Unions. It started Free Education. It initiated Health Insurance and Unemployment Insurance. It advocated freedom for Ireland, and progressive self-government for India and Egypt. It incurred unpopularity by protecting aborigines from abuse by their English masters.

So far all its action was democratic, though in the last matter already it began to alienate democratic opinion in the colonies, where the British working man was no longer the "under dog" but the upper one. And in the rest of its policy it appealed to the thinkers, not to the masses. It worked for enlightenment. Of course, there is great freemasonry and fellowship among the oppressed, and for a long time the British masses felt sympathetic to J. S. Mill and the philosophic Radicals, whom they saw constantly fighting their battles. But the sympathy did not go deep. Liberalism stood for Freedom of Speech and Thought. Thinking men, rich and poor, were with them; but the uneducated masses liked neither, any more than the Tory did. Liberalism stood for Free Trade on broad scientific grounds, because protective tariffs are disturbers of trade and breeders of nationalism and war. The masses in the British colonies, where they are less respectful of intellect and more inclined to do what they please, went straight for thumping Protection. In England they still stick to Free Trade, but largely perhaps because it means cheap food. The Liberals in foreign affairs tried always to correct current prejudice and to see the point of view of the foreigner. They were dubbed "friends of every country but their own," and have always had the unthinking mob against them. The Liberals realized the immense harm done by drink, and worked as a party for Temperance Reform. They were dubbed "Puritans" and hated. They had most of the Churches with them, and all the Trade and the sporting mob against them. They found an Army in which promotion went by purchase, and they established promotion by merit. Most important, perhaps, of all, they abolished patronage in the Civil Service, and established appointment by free competitive examination, with the result that the British Civil Service is probably the purest, ablest, and most effective instrument of government ever known in the history of the world. In some Colonies where the Labour Party has been long in power this is all changed. The Civil Service is "democratized" and can be entered without any test of merit.

The spirit of Progress in all these points begins to clash with the spirit of mere Democracy. Sometimes the clash is sharper. The introduction of new machinery has always put men out of work; Democracy was against the machines, Progress was for them. The whole Industrial Revolution, if in the main a beneficent or at least a necessary stage of progress, was accompanied by terrible evils; and most Liberals now think that their predecessors made some terrible mistakes in detail through the general support they gave to it.

At the present time it looks as if Democracy and Progress were parting company. They have already done so in the colonies, where the Labour Governments on the whole may be said to aim at a standard of civilization which need not be high or progressive, but must be comfortable to the working class. The British Labour Party itself is a great amalgam. It differed sharply from Mr. Hughes in the war. Its ablest champions still carry with them the idealist tradition which they learnt as Radicals. Many of its new recruits are keen Liberals, who have left their party because in the

turmoil of war it seemed to have forgotten its Liberality. Some are the mere extremists of the Left, such as are habitually thrown off by all practical organizations, and will probably in due course become rebels against Labour. But large elements in the party are really Tory at heart. The Jingo mob, which used to vote Tory, now tends to vote Labour. So does the sporting mob. The vast masses who like drink and love betting; who think it silly to stop bribery in elections; who hate "idealists" as much as Lord Birkenhead does, are now voting either Tory or Labour, with an increasing drift towards Labour. A friend of mine who proposed to stand in 1918 as a Labour candidate was told that they did not want "any of your damned middle-class idealism." These are the allies whom the Duke of Northumberland takes to his heart. He rightly sees and cries aloud that his real enemies are the Liberals. Labour is at heart all right! It would follow Disraeli! Democracy, the mere desire of the mass, broken loose from Progress, the will for better life: the breach has, of course, not yet come about, at any rate in England. But already the rift is showing.

I think, sooner or later, one of two things must happen. If organized Liberalism dies, the nation will be divided by a simple struggle between rich and poor, in which the Labour Party will probably keep some slowly dwindling traces of the ideals derived from Liberalism, while the Conservatives will wish to stand for civilization and good government, but will inevitably confound these good things by the old lust for big profits, class ascendancy, and coercion. If organized Liberalism continues, the process will be more complicated. Labour will win its triumph not by breaking off from the rest of the nation but by permeating both parties. Both parties ought long ago to have made more room for working-class representatives in their counsels and have cared more than they do for the real daily life of the mass of their fellow-citizens. They will certainly have to do so in future. Then the split will come not between the rival greeds of rich and poor, but the opposing principles of those who stand for the higher or the lower elements of human nature and organization, for Progress or for Reaction. It will be at one extreme the racing, betting, drinking, pleasure-seeking mob, rich and poor alike, allied with the pub and the yellow Press, ready to hunt Huns and Bolshies and keep damned niggers in their places with a stick: at the other extreme the chapel-going teetotaler, the reformer and social worker, the advanced thinker, the philanthropist and humanitarian, the intellectual who breaks his head against the walls of bad custom. And between the two, as now, the mass of average or moderate people, inclining now one way and now the other. Conditions will never, of course, be the same as they have been before. If things go well, Socialist legislation is bound gradually to increase as the State becomes possessed of greater detailed knowledge and power and can undertake more hopefully the problems of its own organization. The law of property is bound to be made more just and delicate. The enormous advantages of capital and of capitalism will be utilized for more public ends. Co-operation will be the watchword instead of the class war. Security and a "national minimum" will be the birthright of every citizen secured by law; and after that the maximum of freedom, the encouragement of merit, the career open to talent, and the rewards to the best worker. But within this general movement there will always be the normal struggle between Gladstone and Disraeli, between J. S. Mill and Carlyle, between Cobden and Palmerston, between education and circuses, between the spirit and

the body, the word and the sword. And the spirit, we Liberals must remember, will very often be wrong and tyrannical, and the word often futile or false. There will be times when the circus is more wanted than the Lecture on Civics, when the flesh and perhaps even the sword have their rights.

This is on the whole the struggle that goes on inside each citizen's own nature. It is a division that lies deep in human character as well as in English history. And it depends absolutely on the continuance of Liberalism. Destroy that, and we are faced with the sheer Marxian struggle between rich and poor, between Have and Have Not, whose end, on Marx's own showing, is revolution and whose method is the systematic debasement of the soul of man.

LIFE AND POLITICS

NO official pronouncement has yet been made in regard to the Singapore naval base scheme; but I have reason to believe that the decision has been reached, and that it is in accordance with the overwhelming opinion of the country and the unanimous declarations of the Labour Party before they assumed office. It is unfortunate that there has been so much delay in setting the public mind at rest on the subject. It has naturally led to rumours of difficulties, not merely with the Admiralty but within the Cabinet. I do not think there will be any resignations. If there are, the Admirals will be astonished at the placidity of the public. The time for naval panics in this country has gone by. The apprehensions to-day are about the air, and the competition in aeroplanes with France is now as frankly a part of our policy as the competition in battleships with Germany was our policy in the first decade of this century. Mr. Leach has made his peace with General Seely, and has this week publicly abandoned the Sermon on the Mount as a practical air policy. The Labour Government is committed to a construction scheme that satisfies opinion on all sides. And so, within five years of a war in which we sacrificed nearly a million lives on French soil in the defence of France and lent that country 600 million sterling which she has apparently no intention of repaying, we are going to build aeroplanes as hard as we once built battleships in order to defend ourselves against the ally who owes her liberties and her very existence to-day to our support and our sacrifices.

Mr. Churchill is really superb. Last week the whole Rothermere-Beaverbrook Press, of which he has become the idol, was buzzing with the promise of a tremendous "bombshell" that Mr. Churchill was to explode the next day. It turned out to be a revelation of his negotiations with Colonel Jackson, the Chairman of the Conservative Party, from which it appeared that the latter was eager for Mr. Churchill's adoption in the Abbey Division, and struggled for five days to get him chosen by the Association. It was an astute move to represent the issue as a conflict between the central Conservative authority and the local association. Colonel Jackson, who is a famous cricketer and has an antiquated notion that "playing the game" applies to politics as well as to cricket, pointed out that Mr. Churchill himself sought the interview—a fact which would never have been imagined from Mr. Churchill's statement—that the negotiations were confidential, and that his own position in the matter had been misrepresented,

inasmuch as he had throughout insisted that the decision was entirely in the hands of the Association. Was Mr. Churchill put to the blush? Not at all. He magnanimously intimated his forgiveness of Colonel Jackson, and even indicated that the incident would not affect his personal regard for him! The Churchill strain was never more true to type than it is in its present most distinguished representative.

The perplexity of the Conservatives over the election is manifest. Mr. Baldwin has sent an endorsement of the official candidate, but it is so timid, so much in the spirit of Paul Pry who hoped he "didn't intrude," that Mr. Nicholson might have been well advised to put it in his pocket instead of in the Press. Meanwhile, the thunders of the Die-Hards against Mr. Churchill reverberate in the columns of the "Morning Post," and the confusion in the party itself is indicated by the marshalling of rival hosts of Conservatives behind Mr. Churchill and Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Churchill's platform at Drury Lane was a gorgeous affair, with the whole Churchill clan from the Duke of Marlborough downwards in attendance to cheer on their favourite son. It is realized that the election is Mr. Churchill's Waterloo. If he does not win now, he will be so discredited by a succession of defeats that he will be written off as a Parliamentary "undesirable." But the election is not only a crisis in Mr. Churchill's career: it is a crisis in the existence of the Conservative Party. If Mr. Churchill gets into Parliament next Wednesday he will either disrupt the party or lead it. No wonder poor Mr. Baldwin writes tepidly to Mr. Nicholson. A week hence Mr. Nicholson's opponent may be his master on the front Opposition bench.

If Mr. Churchill shoulders his way back into the Conservative hierarchy, he will not fail to keep the door ajar for Lord Birkenhead. Which of the two the Die-Hards dislike more it would be difficult to say. Probably the latter, for he is not only more insolent than Mr. Churchill, but in the minds of the Tories "Gallop" Smith is branded with a treachery in regard to Ulster for which there is no parallel in Mr. Churchill's variegated record. He has committed the unforgivable sin. And yet I predict that if Mr. Churchill is returned next week, even the scarlet sins of Lord Birkenhead will be washed out and he will in due course be received back into the fold. With Mr. Churchill in the Commons and Lord Birkenhead in the Lords, Toryism would cease to be the intellectually negligible thing it is to-day.

The sudden chill with which Mr. Asquith was attacked at Sutton Courtney this week created some concern owing to the high temperature that followed. But the prompt measures taken happily removed the disquiet and restored normal conditions. He is expected to be out next week.

If Mdlle. Lenglen persists in her reported threat to boycott Wimbledon the British public will deplore the absence of a great artist, but they will have compensations. The atmosphere which the great Suzanne carries with her is a little too electrical for the realm of sport. It is no unusual thing for a player to be an indifferent loser, but there is no precedent for a player who is always victorious and always in tears or a passion of indignation after her victories on the ground of ill-treatment by the officials. In temper Mdlle. Lenglen seems a sort of reincarnation of Sarah Bernhardt, but the latter's hysteria in her personal affairs was intelli-

gible in the case of one who was daily engulfed in the imaginative passions of the stage. But a game at tennis is not a melodrama, and the spirit of sport is outraged by frenzies of undisciplined egotism. The suggestion that English and American referees are in a sort of conspiracy against the French player is too grotesque for comment. It only shows how completely Mdlle. Lenglen misunderstands what we mean by sport.

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The gain of Japan by the appointment of Mr. Edmund Blunden as the professor of English literature at Tokyo University is the loss of the readers of this journal. Mr. Blunden has been one of the most constant and valuable contributors of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, and on Tuesday the past and present staff of the paper gave their colleague a farewell dinner at the Florence Restaurant, made many speeches in his praise—speeches more marked by warmth of feeling than by qualities of oratory—and drank his health several times, sometimes with musical honours, and sometimes without, but always with admiration for the poet and affection for a very lovable comrade. He succeeds Mr. Robert Nichols in a post that has already a distinguished tradition, and will be absent from this country for three years. But his heart, like that of another poet, will remain "untravelling," and I hope that his love of the English countryside will still make the pages of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM occasionally musical.

A. G. G.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

"MUDDLING THROUGH."

THURSDAY, MARCH 13TH.

THESE have been bad days for the Government in the House of Commons. On Thursday week Mr. Snowden (of all people in the world) unaccountably fumbled the debate on the German Reparations Levy. He did not seem to have mastered the facts; he could give no intelligible reply to pertinent questions; he spoke in a voice almost inaudible; he was far too apologetic and on the defensive. Above all, he had to make the amazing confession that this important change of reduction from 26 per cent. to 5 per cent. had been made through verbal conversations only, and that he could lay no papers explaining the negotiations which led to the result. This astonished the House. For it was "secret diplomacy" with a vengeance, such as certainly would have been tolerated from no other Government. He was partially saved by a full-blooded defence of his own child by Mr. Lloyd George, delivered amid rapturous cheers from the Tory Party.

On Monday the Government found themselves in greater grief. They were pressed by Dr. Macnamara in an effective series of questions concerning what they had done with the money and credit left by the late Government in pressing forward their schemes for providing work. Mr. Tom Shaw, the Minister of Labour, in rising to reply, could give no detailed information at all, although his officials must have known that in a debate limited to administration these details were essential for even a reasonable appearance of efficiency. A burly and typical Lancashire trades unionist representative, with all the pride of individualistic self-help and contempt of Socialism which is characteristic of a working people essentially conservative in outlook, and personally very popular in the House, Mr. Shaw in his oratory badly let down both himself and his own party. The faces and attitude of the Government supporters were indeed a study. He turned upon Poplar, which had announced that there men went joyfully and without cringing to the Guardians for relief, with the

statement that "once we break that spirit of independence of the British workman, we have broken a thing that will take generations to replace. Millions of British workers will starve before they go to the Poor Law Authorities." He countered the Labour Party election manifesto, with its affirmation that "the Labour Party is the only Party that has a positive remedy for unemployment," with the sound Liberal and Lancashire cotton assertion that in a country like ours "the real remedy for unemployment is the restoration of our foreign trade." When challenged directly with the question, have the Government any new proposals at all to find work for the unemployed? he asked with some heat: "Does anybody think that we can produce schemes like rabbits out of our hat?" We were far indeed from the full-blooded proclamations of the election platform, and among the Labour benches, sitting in long rows with folded arms in a disciplined taciturnity to which they were entirely unaccustomed, there were curses, not loud, but deep, at this exhibition of ineptitude. Occasional attempts to soar into sob-stuff about "little feet that are not warmly shod" were sharply checked by a general exhibition of uneasiness through the whole House. The situation was only saved in part at the end by Miss Margaret Bondfield, who indeed evaded the main issue, but, speaking with great earnestness, fluency, and good temper, and from intimate knowledge of her subject, dealt with the question of training women in home-making, and the treatment, in the hideous official jargon, of "juveniles"—which has replaced the decent English term of "boys and girls."

On this debate Mr. Baldwin certainly made one of the best speeches he has ever made in Parliament, remote indeed from his deplorable performances on the Address. The first part was devoted to a very interesting examination of the vital questions of the situation, such as whether the present disastrous unemployment is endemic or epidemic in character; and the difference between the rise in wages in the sheltered and "unsheltered" trades. These might well have formed the subject of many days of Parliamentary debate, for they are vital to the future in all legislative projects. The second part was devoted to a dry humour very agreeable to the House. There was something rather fine in his statement that although he had been "broken in the battle," fighting on the question of unemployment, which had "smashed my majority and broken the Government," yet "I would rather be smashed for unemployment than anything else," and something acceptable in the continuance of the sentence, that he was more comforted for being smashed "because we know there is a Government in power which has the only positive remedy for unemployment." He kept the whole House in good humour, except the unappeasable Socialistic back benches, in his analysis of three remedies proposed by three distinguished members of the Cabinet, who, as he slyly remarked, of course now speak with one voice. The first was Mr. Wheatley, representing the "destructive mind," whose remedy was, "A plague on both your parties! We are going out, if possible, to smash them both." "Very fine fun for those who destroy," was the dry comment, "but it does not help the unemployed." Next was Mr. Henderson, representing "the creative mind": "There is only one way of tackling it, the introduction of a new industrial order, based upon public ownership and democratic control of the primary sources of wealth." "If by these words you can cure unemployment," was Mr. Baldwin's statement, "we are with him all the way. But they convey no meaning at all. I have not the least idea of what one of these words mean." Lastly came Mr. Sidney Webb as "an emanation of pure intellect," whose cheerful and unexpected aphorism was, "The proper way to prevent unemployment was to prevent it occurring," an announcement received with great delight. Altogether it was a good-tempered, suggestive, and most successful speech.

Over Mr. Leach's performances on Tuesday it would be perhaps kinder to draw a veil. This good-tempered, pacifist Bradford manufacturer, well-edu-

cated and with long experience on the Bradford Town Council as one of the Labour leaders, with vague and commendable aspirations towards a kind of Christian Socialism, small, middle-aged, presents an entirely pitiable appearance in his efforts in the defence of increased expenditure on the operations of war. It is true that, in response to general pressure in the House, he definitely and in terms, though with some reluctance, threw over the Sermon on the Mount, concerning which "I gather," he mournfully asserted, "that the Sermon on the Mount is not practical Parliamentary politics." Having "gathered" this in six weeks' experience of office, he had, unfortunately, not "gathered" that you cannot quote extracts from confidential documents at your own pleasure, without making the whole documents public. In his first speech, Mr. Chamberlain chivalrously interfered in order "to save him from an embarrassment of which, I think, he is unaware"; but undeterred by this experience, in his reply he proceeded with the utmost calmness to counter Sir Samuel Hoare with a quotation from the report of the Committee for Imperial Defence, perhaps the most confidential document in existence. A vast hubbub of astonishment and indignation arose, in the midst of which Mr. Leach was seen waving his hand and murmuring that what he had done was done in complete ignorance, while truculent and indignant advice came from Mr. Buchanan and other stalwart Scots from the back benches: "What are you apologizing for?" "Be a man, and stand up to them!" "Do not be afraid of them." The advice, however, proved inoperative. The unfortunate Minister visibly wilted like a flower, and sank back into his seat with his speech incomplete, and once more, despite this dolorous exhibition, the Government was saved by Liberal votes, many of its own supporters refusing to vote at all. Either this gentleman is being badly let down by his officials, or he is lacking in the good sense to throw himself on their mercy, which other Ministers have the wisdom to do.

The Government have made an equally bad start in the Committee on the Rent Restrictions Bill. For, having announced with some pomp and circumstance that they were entirely in favour of this private member's measure, that they would give facilities for its passage through Committee, and time for it to become law, they suddenly and inexplicably withdrew their principal representatives, the Minister of Health and the Attorney-General, and left as their sole representative a subordinate Under-Secretary. The result, of course, was chaos. Sir Kingsley Wood, with his accustomed ingenuity, succeeded in occupying fifty-five minutes in a speech on a motion which the Chairman at the end of it ruled out of order. Mr. Neville Chamberlain succeeded in occupying more "fleeting moments" with motions for adjournment. Not a word or a line of the Bill was ever reached at all. The curtain descended, after what I see the "Times" calls "a spirited discussion," with the Chairman, Major Barnett, walking out of the Chair amid inarticulate clamour from Clydeside and elsewhere.

Such methods of business are impossible. The members of the Government are personally popular with all parties, and no Administration within my memory has ever received one-tenth such generous treatment as they receive from the whole House. But all Ministers have got to learn what some Ministers have learnt already, that the windy rhetoric of the platform is no substitute for personal attention to detail, and that it is necessary to make up their own minds what they intend to do, and in doing, fully equip themselves for an adequate defence of their action. As it is, the financial business of the House is in hopeless confusion, and it is impossible to see how they can conform even to statutory financial limitations before March 31st without petitioning the Liberals to support them in continual suspensions of the eleven o'clock rule and continual all-night sittings. As it is, they can make no plea that they are receiving systematic obstruction or that they are not supported by the Liberal Party, for almost every day that party, by supporting them in the closure and in their definite

estimates and proposals, when challenged, has saved them from defeat.

M.P.

P.S.—I am not greatly moved by the strictures of your correspondent Stupefactus. I have been trying in these notes week by week to describe something of the atmosphere of the House of Commons, and to praise talent in whatever party exhibited. I am quite impenitent in my assertion that the House of Commons is merciless to incompetence or ignorance in high places. I have seen it equally merciless when these qualities have been exhibited by individuals in other Governments, and, of course, those who are most merciless are the members of the party who are being let down. It has something of the law of the jungle about it, more perhaps of the public school; admiration for strength when divorced from arrogance, and no pity for weakness.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LORD CECIL'S TREATY.

SIR,—The above is your own title for your article recommending the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance to favourable consideration. It is a pity, I think, to attempt any pre-judgment by linking it up with a name so revered by all well-wishers to the League of Nations. It is most important that this draft should be judged on its own merits. There are a few considerations which I should like to press upon you in regard to your article.

1. You say that "there are two things which we can know beforehand—that the State requiring assistance has been the object of aggressive war. . . ." I submit that the definition of aggression will be found one of the most impossible of problems. The criticisms of the French, Brazilian, and Swedish delegations to the Permanent Advisory Commission show some of the complexities of this subject. Moreover, it is not only actual aggression but "aggressive policy" which may, under Article 3, be the subject of intervention.

2. You say "we may fairly trust the Council." Even if some of us who belong to a State permanently represented on the Council feel we can "trust" it, is it not straining a body like that to breaking point to expect it, being a non-judicial body, to exercise (and within four days, too!) judicial functions of such terrific importance that the decision may precipitate a world war?

3. You say "there is much to be said for bringing the machinery of the League of Nations into line with things as they are . . . in so far as that can be done without depriving the League of its moral influence." But it is precisely this moral influence which is endangered to the point of extinction by the proposal that the League should actually organize and encourage treaties which will necessarily involve an immense development of the organization of partial military agreements. It is one thing to say that these partial agreements already exist and may continue for some time to come as evil relics of the past; it is altogether another to recommend that the League should take them on.

4. You suggest most truly that the League must depend for success or failure on its capacity to perform positive or constructive functions, and it is precisely because these treaties will emphasize differences and crystallize antagonisms that they threaten to cripple the beneficent functions. The two lines of policy represent two diametrically opposed ways of thinking and cannot be reconciled.

5. You say the Draft has been "accepted with enthusiasm by the smaller States." On examination it will be found that most of these smaller States are within the orbit of France. Switzerland will have nothing to do with it. One of the most searching criticisms comes from that astute international lawyer, the Netherlands Minister. Sweden was positively opposed to partial treaties, and so were the Italian and Spanish delegations. Bulgaria had some interesting reservations. Austria expressed approval only of a General Treaty. Canada was not enthusiastic. Denmark regards the proposal as dangerous, and offers some caustic comments on the Powers who adhered to the Covenant and have not yet complied with Article 8. Norway also is cold. France, on the other hand, is careful to point out that

the general scheme of mutual assistance (*i.e.*, detailed conversations on military, naval, and air forces, and their disposition) would have to precede the offering of a plan for disarmament, and Article 11 makes this quite clear. So that even if nothing came of it at last, a great deal of mischief would have been done in order to attain that nothing, and much precious time would have been lost and much of the moral pressure for disarmament dissipated.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

International House.

[We said that "we may fairly trust to the Council of the League not to call upon us to do impossibilities," *e.g.*, to throw our small army against hopeless odds into the defence of some remote European frontier. We were dealing here, as the context showed, with the question whether the obligations which Britain would assume were excessive from the standpoint of our national interests. The capacity of the Council to name the aggressive party is another matter. We agree that it is often really difficult to decide who is the aggressor in a complicated quarrel, observing only that the existence of the Covenant should help to simplify the problem by providing the test of which party has complied with its provisions and with the suggestions of the Council. But what is the danger here? The practical danger here is not that the Council will decide wrongly, but that in a doubtful case it may fail to give any decision; that in this or some other way the Treaty may fall to the ground, not that it will prove positively mischievous. This is reason for caution in the hopes we build upon it, not surely for opposing it. Nor do we believe that the attempt to provide guarantees against aggression is "diametrically opposed" to the development of the constructive functions of the League, though it certainly cannot take their place.

It is possible, as Mrs. Swanwick suggests, that nothing will come of the Treaty, owing to the opposition of other States. We agree with her that in that case "much precious time would have been lost and much of the moral pressure for disarmament dissipated." But what is the position? The Treaty has been drafted, debated, amended, provisionally accepted by the Assembly, and submitted to the Governments for their opinions. The "precious time" or much of it has been already spent. The Treaty holds the field as the one scheme aiming at general disarmament which has secured a measure of international support—the one concrete scheme round which "the moral pressure for disarmament" can gather. If it fails, let it at least not fail owing to the defection of this country, which has been the pioneer in the field of disarmament by international agreement.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

"INTROSPECTIVE POETRY."

SIR,—No young poet is likely to feel a grudge against reviewers who throw him or her on to a common rubbish heap with Mr. Hardy and Mr. Housman. It is not therefore on personal grounds that I would cross swords with "F. W. B." But his attack, in your last issue, on "Introspective Poetry" should not be allowed to pass unchallenged.

Surely most of the great lyric poetry of all time might be classed as "introspective." For do not Shakespeare's sonnets analyze, or express, his "sentiments, instincts, desires"? Or, to bridge a long span of evidence, is not this true also of the very "healthy" poet who wrote

"When upon my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood . . .?"

There is indeed a modern tendency, in literature in general, towards introspection in a Freudian sense, which may justifiably be considered by some to be an "unhealthy" dissection of self. That, I should have suspected, is really what "F. W. B." had on his mind. But if the poem of Mrs. Susan Miles which he quotes—

"Madame has come to the spring to do her washing,
And give her cow a drink"—

represents "the limits to which the poetry of introspection can properly go," what may be the kind of poetry which would please "F. W. B." by referring "primarily only to the physical world of the five senses"?—Yours, &c.,

ENA LIMEBEER.

[We regret that, owing to pressure on our space, we have been obliged to hold over several important letters until next week.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

TWICKENHAM.

By ALEC WAUGH.

THE student of English customs who should chance this afternoon to walk through London might be well astonished at the number of fields decorated with Rugby posts on which no game of football was being played. "The English," we can imagine him to say, "have claimed to be the most sport-loving people in the world. Yet here on a Saturday afternoon I see nothing but empty playing fields." And, indeed, on this particular afternoon he might walk from Golders Green to Richmond without finding a single match in progress. When there is an international at Twickenham there is no other football played in London. The whole of the Rugger world will have gone to see England defend the Calcutta Cup. There will be some 40,000 there, and there is no other crowd in the world quite like it. It is a crowd composed almost entirely of men who play the game and men who have ceased to play it. A large proportion of the seats are allotted for distribution among the members of the leading clubs, and the man who is not a member of a club has to apply somewhere about June for a ticket in the following March, and cannot be too sure of getting it. The Rugger playing world has the first claim on what is the big social event of the Rugger year. You meet all your friends at Twickenham; it is the place more than any other where you can keep in touch with those of whom you have lost sight in the rush of London life. You miss a familiar face in the side one Saturday. You remember that after last week's game its owner was speaking fretfully about a damaged cartilage. "Poor old Jones," you say, "must have been rather worse than he expected. He'll be here next week though." But he is not there, nor is he there on the following Saturday, and you cease to look for him and learn tardily that he has married and substituted golf for Rugger, and you say that you will drop him a line. But the days pass and the letter is not written. And but for Twickenham he would pass out of your life for ever. An international at Twickenham is more than a mere spectacle. It is an immense family party. It is the gathering of a clan.

And Twickenham itself is something more than the Lord's of Rugby football. It is a milestone and a symbol, a milestone marking the sudden change fifteen years ago in the fortunes of English football. In the early years of the twentieth century Rugby football in England was in a pathetically languishing condition. Very few people cared to play the game; fewer to watch it, none to read about it. The only question to be discussed before the annual defeat by Wales was whether the score this year would be over or under twenty points. And then A. D. Stoop invented modern three-quarter play. The Harlequins became for a few seasons England, and Twickenham, that was the home of the Harlequins, became the home of England. And in 1910, with that wonderful first-minute try that was scored actually by Chapman, but will be known always, because he made the opening for it, as Stoop's first-minute try—with that try began the brilliant and unchecked series of victories, that unbroken record of success that Davies and Kershaw at the close of their great career hand on now to Young and Myers.

The Harlequins invented modern football, and indeed no other game has altered more completely than Rugby football has during the last twenty years. Every game has altered somewhat. The modern batsman has been forced by the googly and the late swinger to rely on back play very largely for his defence. To meet this style of batting, an entirely new arrangement of the

field has been devised, and there are not those lacking to maintain that, were W. G. Grace to be restored to-morrow to life and youth, the champion would be as unable to deal with the swinging ball as would Hector and Achilles with the rifle and machine-gun. But it is hard to believe that the man who was in the habit not only of stopping five shooters in an over, but placing them to the right of mid-on for singles, would not after a few failures have been able to adapt himself to new conditions. The big man can work to order. If the leg-before-wicket rule were to be changed to-morrow, the many mediocre batsmen who have depended on their pads for the protection of their wickets would be helpless; for a while at any rate. But Hobbs would not be worried. "They have stopped me," he would say, "making runs one way. Very well, then I will start making them in another."

But it is more than the tactics of Rugby football that have altered. It is not merely that the game is opener and faster, that there are four three-quarters instead of three, and one full-back instead of two. It is a different game, demanding different qualities and different attributes. The modern game has simply no place in it for the old-fashioned forward, the ponderous and courageous, the unthinking and the unseeing mule who never watched the ball, who just saw a scrum, put his head down into it and shoved. Even the greatest of the old packs would on anything except a swamp be helpless against the modern quick-thinking, quick-breaking, safe-footed and safe-handed forward who watches the ball and not the scrum. They would be run clean off their feet. They were fine things, no doubt, to shove in those old scrimmages. But they meant cold work for the three-quarters, and they must have been intolerably dull to watch.

To-day Rugby football is not only the greatest game in the world for the young man with a small bank balance, it is also one of the most attractive spectacles that the modern world has to offer us. One reaches at Twickenham a level of excitement which personally I have found nowhere else. One has spent hours of long-drawn anxiety in the sun-drenched gallery at Lord's, an anxiety of delayed effects, of suspended climaxes. There have been now and again half-hours of breathless tension, when one has shifted impatiently in one's seat, scrawled absurd diagrams on one's score card, twisted the evening paper into small balls of discoloured pulp, a tension as memorable in its way as anything that one may meet at Twickenham, but less acute. At Lord's one does not suddenly leap to one's feet, wave one's hat in the air and shriek out "England!" Nowhere else does one grip on to one's seat with quite that agony of fear into which one is half petrified when the ball is heeled in our twenty-five and the fan-shaped line swings outward to the flag; the gasp of relief with which one watches short slip drop a catch is less intense than that with which one sees a wing three-quarter knock on a pass after his centre has drawn the back. Ninety minutes of Twickenham is more emotionally exhausting than three hours of Grand Guignol. It is with a sensation of limpness that we file out, after no-side has blown, into the narrow bottle-shaped roadway down which in the pre-motor regulation days the traffic used to mark time for some seventy laborious minutes; of limpness and in a way relief. Football is over now, we tell ourselves. The last big match played. Only two or three more Saturdays and we shall be taking our bats out of our cricket bags. Summer will soon be with us. And

as the train carries us eastwards across the river, we are thinking not of Young and Wallace and McPherson, of scrimmages and drop kicks. Already our thoughts are flying forward to the Oval and to Lord's, to Hobbs and Hendren and the long June days.

TRAFFIC CONTROL IN LONDON STREETS.

THE present state of London's street traffic does not justify any aspersion on the skill of those charged with the handling of it. If we accept the adequacy of the method, it must in fairness be conceded that it could not be conducted more skilfully, but it must be obvious that, however efficient the control of traffic has been in the past, new conditions are rendering it obsolete, and it is of the first importance to explore the possibilities of a drastic revision of our present system in order to discover if any change will afford improved facilities.

Motor transport has at least doubled the capacity of our streets, and, if all the traffic could be carried on at the uniform higher speed of the motor, there would be a still further gain. The abolition of the horse-drawn vehicle has been frequently advocated, and though this must take place sooner or later, it is still felt that too great a hardship to certain classes of business would result from it. An intermediate course is open, namely, the exclusion of the horse from the main roads, but this would involve a degree of supervision that renders it economically doubtful. It may be assumed that for the moment neither of these alternatives is likely to meet with acceptance.

London, from the traffic standpoint, has the advantages and disadvantages of an old city. Like all places whose expansion has been long continued, the general lines of route are the natural ones and appropriate to traffic requirements, but on the other hand many of the more important roads are no longer adequate to the demands now made on them, and at the crossings of the principal routes the delays are particularly accentuated. Moreover, the general plan being framed on a limited number of main roads with large areas in between, planned with a view to excluding traffic rather than encouraging it, the old arteries are overworked. Heroic efforts at improvement have been made from time to time, notably in the latter half of the eighteenth century when the marshes of Southwark and Lambeth were developed and when the great new road from the City to Paddington was constructed, while during the nineteenth century many important streets and street widenings were carried out, not always very successfully in view of the obsession at that time in favour of connecting to existing ganglia, such as the Bank, Piccadilly Circus, Charing Cross, and Victoria, which have now become points at which it is most difficult to devise an orderly system. We are at present continuing this method, and seem to be unable to profit by past experience. The proposed St. Paul's Bridge would result in a confusion of traffic at the east end of St. Paul's at least equal to that at any of the above-mentioned centres.

But this question of new developments, while it could not be passed over, is merely ancillary to that of the methods of traffic control, methods that have up to the present been evolved by Scotland Yard, on which

has rested the sole responsibility for devising remedies for such difficulties as have arisen. Now, while giving due credit to this authority for the continued attention it has given to the duties imposed on it, we may venture to doubt if it has visualized these in the comprehensive way that they required. Had it done so, some of the "improvement" schemes might have received drastic criticism from this quarter at their inception, and a more scientific attitude might have been taken up towards the traffic problem as a whole.

For example, Scotland Yard has ignored all proposals for "one-way" routes and the "gyratory" system, both of which have proved useful in a number of cases in other countries, and, though London affords fewer opportunities for employing these remedies than cities laid out on a larger scale, there are, nevertheless, instances where they might be adopted with success. The recent notice recommending the Victoria Embankment as an alternative route between Kingsway and Westminster hints at one-way traffic routes as optional between the Strand and the Embankment, but that appears to be as far as the authorities have been able to go up to the present.

There are quite a number of streets in London where one-way traffic could be adopted with advantage and where it could be put in operation quite simply; but the employment of the gyratory system, which would be of the greatest value at important centres, is not such an easy matter as might appear. To allow this to work smoothly there must be some little distance between each of the roads opening into the circulating route, and many of our central ganglia are too small for this. Trafalgar Square at first glance appears to be an ideal position for the purpose in view, but on examination it will be found necessary to prohibit traffic from entering it *via* Northumberland Avenue, and from leaving it *via* the Mall; these sacrifices, however, could easily be made and a marked acceleration secured as the result. Victoria Station presents another case where numerous experiments have been tried, with only a small measure of success; something resembling a gyratory circulation is now in operation, but the omnibuses circulate in a direction the reverse of the right one, and the other compromises made are fatal to efficiency. The authorities have apparently never understood the recognized principles on which the system is based, and a recent effort in Birmingham exhibited almost every possible defect.

Incidentally, it is worth noting that the annual cost of each post where a policeman is on traffic duty amounts to something over £450, and that as every simplification would diminish the number of these posts, there would be a definite saving under this head, in addition to that due to acceleration. These savings would help to balance the cost of such street improvements as would in some cases be essential to provide for a workable scheme.

It would be unfair to omit a reference to the careful and comprehensive records that have been kept of street accidents, and the clear deductions that have been made from these by Scotland Yard, showing how they arise and how far defects in street-planning contribute to the danger. If it had been found possible to adopt a similar attitude of patient investigation towards traffic activities as a whole, we might be in a much stronger position as regards the statistics indicating traffic demands and the practicable remedies for the present acute congestion.

MUSIC

PIZZETTI'S "DEBORA E JAELE."

THE Milanese are determined to possess the finest Opera in Europe, if not in the world, and as Milan is the wealthiest city in Italy, La Scala has indeed been brought recently to an extraordinarily high standard of efficiency and excellence. It is, of course, largely a question of money. A seat in the pit (standing room is now done away with) costs about eight shillings. For the first performance of Boito's "Nerone," which is now expected to take place some time about the middle of April, stalls are being sold at a thousand lire—ten pounds—each. The production of the operas is certainly magnificent. I am told that in "La Traviata" three hundred guests eat a real supper on the stage at Violetta's party. If they have real oysters and real champagne it must be a wonderful thing to hear them all shout together, with that volume and precision which makes the Scala chorus one of the marvels of the operatic world:—

"Oh che bel piacer!
Si! tutti accettiamo!"

The scenery at the Scala is strictly realistic, but it is admirable of its kind and the lighting effects are thoroughly well managed. There are no hitches; everything is properly rehearsed. The secret of the Scala's perfection is simply that it has a head—Toscanini. He has insisted on every detail being right; operas are rehearsed until they are perfect. He controls not merely the stage, but the audience as well; the auditorium is darkened when the opera begins, and late comers are not admitted until the curtain falls. The marvel is that an Italian audience submits; but Toscanini sees to it that it is well worth their while to submit. To the musician there is a still greater marvel in the absolute control which he has over the singers. That the orchestra is superb goes without saying; and it is interesting to note how characteristically Italian is the style of its playing. Italians are individualists, and Toscanini seizes the advantages of this national outlook. It gives the wind instruments in particular a peculiar brilliance, and enables him to bring out many points in an Italian score which a German conductor would sacrifice to the general blend of the whole. But in all matters of rhythm the conductor is supreme. The chorus are made to speak their words clearly. They are also made to act, but this does not by any means prevent them from singing with a certainty of rhythm and intonation which only gave way slightly in the complications of Pizzetti's unaccompanied counterpoint. The principals are kept in order no less than the chorus. Not that Toscanini is by any means a lifeless or metronomic conductor. But he will never allow a singer to go his own way merely for the sake of showing off his voice, still less for the sake of drawing attention to his own personality. It is the common vice of all singers in all countries—a vice shared by instrumental soloists as well—to play utterly unnecessary tricks with the time for no other reason than to assert their right to independence. Violinists of impeccable technique have been heard to say in private that it is absolutely necessary to play octaves in double stopping just a trifle out of tune, or else the public would never realize how difficult they were. The habit of playing or singing slightly out of time may be in many cases subconscious; it comes, I believe, from the soloist's not unnatural desire to feel that he is really an independent personality. It is not the result of bad accompanying; that is a different thing. It is a remarkable triumph of Toscanini that he is able to put an end to this practice without impairing the dramatic vitality of the operas which he conducts. The greatness of his conducting is that he sees the rhythm of an opera as a whole, and this comprehensive vision was of the greatest value in Pizzetti's "Debora e Jaele."

"Deborah e Jael" is not an opera that is likely to become a great popular success. It has considerable dramatic power, and undoubted musical interest, but there are no effective solos which at once proclaim their suitability for the gramophone. The libretto, which Pizzetti has written himself, is clear and direct, though its interpretation of the primitive story is decidedly operatic. The Israelites, groaning under the tyranny of Sisera, work themselves up into a fury against Jael, whom they accuse of being his mistress. Deborah intervenes, calms the people, and sends Jael to tempt Sisera and induce him to leave his fortress and thus place his army at the mercy of the Israelites. She goes to Sisera, who is represented as barbaric but chivalrous, and after fulfilling the political part of her mission she has a fit of repentance and runs away. In the third act Sisera's forces have been defeated, and he himself takes refuge in Jael's tent. She is as much in love with him as he with her, and they agree to elope together into the wilds as soon as he is sufficiently rested to travel. Unfortunately, Deborah has seen him enter the tent and goes off to fetch the Israelites; Jael, in order to save her lover from being captured alive, murders him herself. The Israelites enter and carry off the corpse to a chorus of grotesquely barbaric "Alleluias," and Jael collapses as the curtain falls. The best part of the opera is the first act. The general style of the music is declamatory, but the interest of the audience is well sustained by the rhythmical intensity of the choral writing. Here Toscanini saw what could be made of a continuous building up of excitement, and he certainly was well served by his chorus, who responded splendidly to his beat. The entrance of Deborah is the most memorable moment of the opera; she slowly descends the long winding path from the cliffs above, and when the people catch sight of her they all throw themselves on their faces as the brass instruments blaze out a long-held chord of C major. The two women are well contrasted, Deborah the contralto, stately and impassive, Jael the soprano, all passionate emotion. An interesting minor character is Mara, whom Deborah sends along with Jael, because she, having lost husband and children at the hands of Sisera's men, will never let Jael forget her duty to her own people. It is Mara's pathetic cradle-song, sung first in the background during the first act, which in the love scene with Sisera recalls Jael to her senses.

Pizzetti's music, though never very powerful or striking in melodic invention, is always decidedly individual. He is one of those composers of the present day who are going back to common chords and to a modernization of sixteenth-century technique. He has in this respect a certain affinity with Vaughan Williams, but Italian folksong does not seem to provide such copious material for a musician as that of our own country. Pizzetti's melodic line is derived partly from plainsong and partly from a primitive and almost Oriental type of Italian folksong. He has used very similar methods in his recent "Requiem" for unaccompanied chorus, a work of great originality, which probably represents him at his best. He has written for the stage, because the stage is the natural outlet for all Italian musicians, and being an Italian he can write dramatic music by natural instinct; but his more intimate inclination seems to be towards religious music, and even his chamber works are coloured by this preoccupation. The result of it in the opera is that Deborah is a far more vital personality than Jael or Sisera. The long duet in the second act hardly manages to sustain its interest. It is quite likely that "Deborah e Jael" might be more appreciated in Germany or even in England (if any English company could ever take the trouble to rehearse it) than in Italy; and for Italy it certainly marks a break with conventional traditions and the appearance of a new and deeply felt sincerity on the lyric stage.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE DRAMA

THE "DUCHESS OF MALFI" AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE revival of the "Duchess of Malfi" is certainly one of the best pieces of work undertaken by the Marlowe Society. It cannot be an easy play either to produce or to act. Certainly to many readers Webster has appeared a genius in patches, an author of two gigantic torsos rather than of any one satisfactorily completed work of art; an impression which incompetent production would serve to foster. It is greatly to the credit of the producer and actors of the Marlowe Society that they succeeded in giving a theatrical unity to the play, that must have come as a surprise to many who have only read it at home. The Marlowe Society has now, by its revivals of the "White Devil" and the "Duchess of Malfi," satisfactorily proved that Webster is not merely a library author. So far excellent; but cannot it now do the same thing for Chapman? It could well begin with that "distasteful comedy" "The Widow's Tears."

In what precisely does the great appeal of such performances as those given by the Marlowe Society consist? How is it that many people, who can hardly sit through quite good London productions, get infinite delight from such experiments as this? It cannot be that the "acting" is better, though the production is often more intelligent than in London. On this occasion the Duchess of Malfi herself was magnificently played by one who is evidently endowed temperamentally with the "theatrical personality"; while the actor who played the Cardinal is perhaps even more naturally gifted: there is a quiet sufficiency about his gesture which is astonishing in one who can have had so little experience of acting. For the most difficult technical part of acting consists in knowing almost subconsciously exactly how much a gesture should be exaggerated. Even good professional actors are often vague on this point. The "tempo" and the lighting were also far more satisfactory than are usual in the production of verse drama. The great crisis of the death of the Duchess was reached with excellent effect, and the second crisis, consisting of the holocaust of everyone else, avoided anticlimax in an astonishing degree. A special word of praise is due to the Echo, who was highly successful in one of the most difficult moments of the play, and the Madman scene was excellently produced. On the other hand, it is quite obvious that many of the minor parts are played by people with but small mimetic gifts, but nevertheless they rarely cause a normally sensitive person the acute irritation often experienced from unsatisfactory professionals. The explanation of this is to be sought in the sensibility of the actor in his private life. For the actors of the Marlowe Society create the impression of understanding what the play is about and what the words they are reciting mean. One can even imagine them reading the "Duchess of Malfi" for pleasure in their spare time. Hence we are spared the painful spectacle of complete incompatibility between the actor on the one hand and the poet he is affecting to interpret on the other. Further, by the very fact that he has perhaps a real poetical appreciation of the lines he is reciting, the actor will recite them with a natural sense of rhythm, which is all too rare on the London stage, particularly among male actors, who may, however, have been able to do it naturally before they were elaborately untaught at some dramatic academy. I do not wish in any way to underestimate the art of acting. It would certainly be far better if the Marlowe Society and similar organizations could consist entirely of really gifted players. The point is, that even with a standard of technical efficiency that is inevitably lower than on the London stage, immeasurably more pleasure can be got by an ordinarily sensitive person from them than from a professional company. The

reason, of course, is that good acting is an art, not a trade, depending, like all other arts, ultimately on the spiritual quality of the artist. To come to full fruition the great actor must combine technical efficiency with mystic sensibility. But if we have to choose between the two, an ounce of the latter quality is worth a pound of the former. And this is the reason why so many people feel that such dramatic societies as the Marlowe perform a real service to civilization to-day.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA.

THE appointment of Mr. Edmund Blunden as Professor of English Literature at Tokyo University speaks for the wisdom of Japan. For Tokyo thus obtains a man who not only knows about, but practises what he is to preach. It is unnecessary in the columns of *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* to speak of Mr. Blunden's abilities as a prose writer and critic, or of his qualities as a poet. They are well known to all its readers.

Mr. Galsworthy's play, "The Forest," which is now being given at St. Martin's Theatre, left me cold, and, as far as I could judge, it left the rest of the audience in the same temperature. Not that we did not have our warmth and enthusiasms, but they were for the players rather than for the play. The acting was excellent, and, if only one or two of the actors had not given way to the ancient delusion that you can make an unimpressive sentence or sentiment impressive by delivering it in a deep and infinitely drawing voice, the acting would have been perfect. Miss Hermione Baddeley has the makings of a really fine actress; she has the rare gift of "facial expression" and the still rarer gift of restraint; her leap upon John Strood when she drives the knife into his heart was magnificent. To return to the play, it reminds one inevitably, by its theme and setting, of Mr. C. K. Munro's "Progress." But Mr. Galsworthy has failed to make the relation between his financiers in London and his expedition and savages in Africa either real or dramatic. His financiers are not real, nor do they become, as in "Progress," gigantic types; they are the cardboard figures of melodrama. His African scenes are much better, but they are swamped by detail. The play is far better suited to the screen than the stage, and it should make a fine film.

"A Woman of Paris," now being shown at the Tivoli, is announced by Mr. Chaplin as his first effort at serious production. This will lead visitors to expect something sensational, and they will not be disappointed. "A Woman of Paris" is a film that will make history. We have had before very interesting pageant films, and, from Germany, remarkable essays in the fantastic and the macabre. In "A Woman of Paris" Mr. Chaplin has tackled seriously the æsthetic of the realistic film; and the result is in some subtle way quite different from anything that has up till to-day been shown on the screen. It is a film that may in a few years appear stupid and out of fashion, but it will affect everything that comes after it. Many people are complaining of the plot as silly, but it is in truth merely unsophisticated, and Mr. Chaplin is an unsophisticated person. But he tells his story in pictures. There are no long captions, no close-ups, no irrelevance. The drama is unfolded to us in terms of pictorial design. No one interested in the phenomenon of the film can afford to miss "A Woman of Paris."

The Dolmetsch concert last week was remarkable for three things, the antique instruments, the piquant little speeches by Mr. Dolmetsch, and the quality of the music. From the musical point of view the most interesting items were a Fantasy and Ayre for six viols by William Lawes (1630) and a Fantasy for five viols by J. Jenkins (1640). These pieces exhibited a degree of complexity and sophistication only paralleled in the posthumous Beethoven quartets, and dispose entirely of the view that English music in the seventeenth century aimed merely at the creation of pleasing sound patterns. Despite Mr. Dolmetsch's warning that "the music is everything, the personality of the performers is nothing," justice compels me to mention that these difficult pieces were rendered by the Dolmetsch family with an absolute assurance which most professional musicians might have envied. The succeeding concerts will be held at 6, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, on March 19th and April 2nd.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, March 15.—"Everyman," in King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

"England," exhibition of satires and landscapes in oils, by C. R. W. Nevinson, at the Leicester Galleries.

Ben Davies, Song Recital, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.

Sunday, March 16.—Stage Society in Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine."

Monday, March 17.—"Name the Man," Cosmopolitan Film, at the New Oxford Theatre.

Tuesday, March 18.—"The Ten Commandments," American Film, at the London Pavilion.

Mr. Plunket Greene's Song Recital, at 8.30, at Æolian Hall.

Lectures and Counter-Lectures, No. 5, Lady Frances Balfour and Miss Viola Tree, at 5.30, at the London School of Economics.

Thursday, March 20.—"Leap Year," at the Hippodrome.

Royal Philharmonic Society Concert (Conductor, Felix Weingartner), at 8, at Queen's Hall.

Evelyn Howard-Jones, Pianoforte Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

OMICRON.

POETRY

INFANT SPRING.

SOFT and pure fell the snow,
Pure, soft, the new lamb lay.
February in the field,

Sun's heat far away,
Wave's cry sad and strange,
Lamb's cry weak and wild,
No buds in the bleak thorn hedge:
Spring is but a tiny child.

FREDEGOND SHOVE.

ACONITES.

THEY are not great or tall,
They are but bright and round,
Each head a yellow ball,
Green-frilled, close to the ground,
Suddenly, strangely, found
Through the short flame-winged hours
Of winter; the first flowers,
They came without a sound,
While yet the tender showers
Upon the grass did fall.

FREDEGOND SHOVE.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE HARVEST OF SPRING.

THE harvest of spring will be found in the Supplement of publishers' announcements which, in accordance with custom, appears with THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM this week. As I have had to study the lists with minute attention, it may perhaps be useful if I do for the books what the Agricultural Correspondent of the "Times" does for wheat and potatoes from time to time, namely, estimate—before the corn be cut, the potatoes lifted, or the books published—what the quality of the yield will be. One word, however, of warning. Taste in books differs even more than in potatoes. If I give a list of those books which promise to be of the greatest interest, my readers must remember that the selection is made in the dark before the books are published, and is also necessarily determined by purely personal bias and taste. I shall, therefore, omit many books which ought to be mentioned, and the selection has no kind of claim to completeness.

* * *

Looking at the lists as a whole, I think they are a little disappointing. The number of books announced which are unquestionably of great interest is below the average. This is particularly the case with fiction, history, politics, poetry, and criticism. These varieties may promise a heavy crop, but I misdoubt their quality. As a matter of fact, there are three varieties of book which outdistance all others in quantity, and it is to them that, owing to considerations of space, I must mainly confine my attention. The three varieties are fiction, biography, and travel. That the novel should be prolific is, of course, not surprising, but I confess that, every time I examine the publishers' lists, I am amazed at the immense number of expensive biographies and books of travel which are being issued.

* * *

The output of novels will be very heavy, but there are not many which give me any real thrill of anticipation. As compensation, however, there is one which I look forward to reading with more interest than any other book announced. It is Mr. E. M. Forster's new novel "A Passage to India" (Arnold). It is fourteen years since Mr. Forster's last novel, "Howards End," was published. Neither "Howards End" nor any of his previous books, perhaps, completely "came off," but he is one of the few contemporary writers who might, one feels, at any moment produce a book of the very highest class. Another novel which many people will look forward to is "A Man at the Zoo," by Mr. David Garnett (Chatto & Windus), whose first book, "Lady into Fox," had such a success last year. "Crossings," by Mr. de la Mare (Collins), "Wandering Stars" by Miss Clemence Dane (Heinemann), "The House of Polyglot" by Mr. William Gerhardt (Cobden-Sanderson), and "Triple Fugue" by Mr. Osbert Sitwell (Grant Richards) are all books by writers whose work has considerable possibilities. "Counterplot," Miss Hope Mirrlees's second novel (Collins), has just been published, and has already put its author into the small class of novelists who matter. "Defeat" by Mr. Geoffrey Moss (Constable) is another book which has deservedly won a high reputation. Among novels which have come or are to come from writers with an established reputation one may mention: "England, my England," by Mr. Lawrence (Secker), "The Conscience of Gavin Blane," by Mr. W. E. Norris (Hutchinson), "The Dream" by Mr. Wells (Cape), "Gora" by Mr. Tagore (Macmillan), "To-morrow and To-morrow," by Mr. McKenna (Butterworth), "Unity" by Mr. Beresford (Collins), and "A Cure of Souls" by Miss May Sinclair (Hutchinson).

* * *

Among the biographies there are several books which promise to be of great interest. One of them is "Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to her family, edited by

Leonard Huxley" (Murray). Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes an important book in "The Letters of Charles Greville and Henry Reeve." "The Fugger Newsletters" (Bodley Head) should be most interesting, for it contains a selection of letters from the correspondents of the great financiers of the sixteenth century. Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, inherited a considerable amount of her father's genius, and she was a brilliant letter-writer, as is shown in "Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie" (Murray). "The Journal of the Hon. Henry Edward Fox" (Thornton Butterworth) is another book well worth reading. The Byron centenary has produced a private crop of its own: "Byron, the Last Journey," by Harold Nicolson (Constable); "Byron," by Desmond MacCarthy (Heinemann); "Byron in England," by S. C. Chew (Murray), may be mentioned. From the immense number of other biographies promised I should select: "Sigmund Freud," by Wittels (Allen & Unwin); "The Story of a Great Schoolmaster," by H. G. Wells (Chatto & Windus); "Contemporary Personalities," by the Earl of Birkenhead (Cassell); "The Life of Dr. John Clifford" (Cassell); "Through Thirty Years," by Wickham Steed (Heinemann); "My Cricket Memories," by Jack Hobbs (Heinemann); "An Ambassador's Memoirs," Vol. III., by M. Paléologue (Hutchinson); "General Botha," by Earl Buxton (Murray); "W. H. Hudson," by Morley Roberts (Nash); and "Life of Olive Schreiner," by S. C. Cronwright Schreiner (Fisher Unwin).

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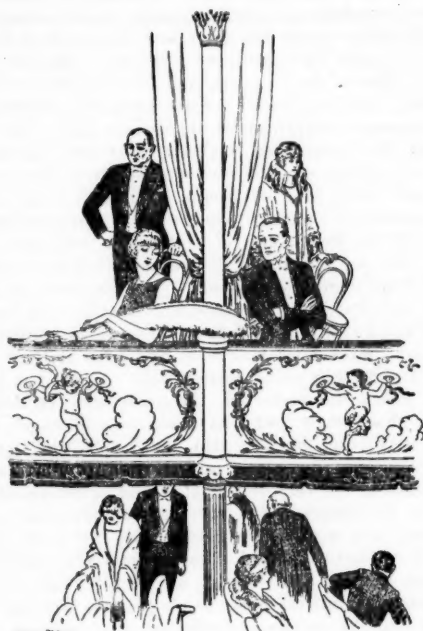
The announcements of travel books are less enticing than usual. Mr. Arnold has a second book from Ferdinand Ossendowski with the title "Man and Mystery in Asia." "Wrangel Island," by Mr. Stefansson, should be interesting (Arrowsmith), and Mr. Stephen Graham's "In Quest of El Dorado" (Macmillan) is certain to attract many readers. The leanest of all crops seems to come from the poets; I can only see three books which rouse my interest: "Secrets," by W. H. Davies (Cape); "Ding Dong Bell," by W. de la Mare (Selwyn & Blount); and "Mock-Beggar Hall," by Robert Graves (Hogarth Press). Criticism promises a rather better crop. "Shelley and the Unromantics," by Olwen Ward Campbell (Methuen), and "Southern Baroque Art," by Sacheverell Sitwell (Grant Richards), have already found much favour; and of other books of criticism and essays I would select: "More Obiter Dicta," by Augustine Birrell (Heinemann); "The Right Place," by C. E. Montague (Chatto & Windus); "Literary Studies and Reviews," by Richard Aldington (Allen & Unwin); and "The Contemporary Theatre," by James Agate (Parsons).

* * *

When one turns to what some people call "serious books," one sees practically nothing of first-class promise from our historians, publicists, and economists. "The Disinherited Family, a Plea for Family Endowment," by Eleanor F. Rathbone (Arnold), should be interesting, and the same may be said of "Crime and Insanity," by W. C. Sullivan, Medical Superintendent of the State Criminal Lunatic Asylum, Broadmoor (Arnold). In science prospects are far brighter, but I can only make an inadequate selection: "The Electron in Chemistry," by Sir J. J. Thomson (Chapman & Hall); "Einstein's Theory of Relativity," by Max Born (Methuen); "The Foundations of Einstein's Theory of Gravitation" and "The Theory of Relativity," by Professor Freundlich (Methuen); "New Theories of Matter and the Atom," by A. Berthoud (Allen & Unwin); "Psycho-Analysis and Gland Personalities," by André Tridon (Brentano); "Some Aspects of Psycho-Analysis," by Dr. Ernest Jones (Williams & Norgate); and "Rejuvenation—the Work of Steinach, Voronoff, and Others," by Dr. Norman Haire (Allen & Unwin).

LEONARD WOOLF.

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REVIEWS

THE ENCHANTED ORGAN.

Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Selected and Edited by her Daughter, HESTER RITCHIE. (Murray. 15s.)

THE enormous respectability of Bloomsbury was broken one fine morning about 1840 by the sound of an organ and by the sight of a little girl who had escaped from her nurse and was dancing to the music. The child was Thackeray's elder daughter Anne. For the rest of her long life, through war and peace, calamity and prosperity, Miss Thackeray, or Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, or Lady Ritchie, was always escaping from the Victorian gloom and dancing to the strains of her own enchanted organ. The music, at once so queer and so sweet, so merry and so plaintive, so dignified and so fantastical, is to be heard very distinctly on every page of the present volume.

For Lady Ritchie was incapable at any stage of her career of striking an attitude or hiding a feeling. The guns are firing from Cremorne for the taking of Sebastopol, and there she sits scribbling brilliant nonsense in her diary about "matches and fairy tales." "Brother Tomkins at the Oratory is starving and thrashing himself because he thinks it is right," and Miss Thackeray is reading novels on Sunday morning "because I do not think it is wrong." As for religion and her grandmother's miseries and the clergyman's exhortations to follow "the one true way," all she knows is that it is her business to love her father and grandmother, and for the rest she supposes characteristically "that everybody is right and nobody knows anything."

Seen through this temperament, at once so buoyant and so keen, the gloom of that famous age dissolves in an iridescent mist which lifts entirely to display radiant prospects of glittering spring, or clings to the monstrous shoulders of its prophets in many tinted shreds. There are Mr. FitzGerald and Mr. Spedding coming to dinner, "as kind and queer and melancholy as men could be"; and Mrs. Norton "looking like a beautiful slow sphinx"; and Arthur Prinsep riding in Rotten Row with violets in his button-hole—"I like your violets very much," said I, and of course they were instantly presented to me";—and Carlyle vociferating that a cheesemite might as well understand a cow as we human mites our maker's secrets; and George Eliot, with her steady little eyes, enunciating a prodigious sentence about building one's cottage in a valley, and the power of influence, and respecting one's work, which breaks off in the middle; and Herbert Spencer stopping a Beethoven sonata with "Thank you, I'm getting flushed"; and Ruskin asserting that "if you can draw a strawberry you can draw anything"; and Mrs. Cameron paddling about in cold water till two in the morning; and Jowett's four young men looking at photographs and sipping tumblers of brandy and water until at last "poor Miss Stephen," who has been transplanted to an island where "everybody is either a genius, or a poet, or a painter, or peculiar in some way," ejaculates in despair, "Is there *nobody* commonplace?"

"Poor Miss Stephen," bored and bewildered, staying with several cousins at the hotel, represented presumably the Puritanical conscience of the nineteenth century when confronted by a group of people who were obviously happy, but not obviously bad. On the next page, however, Miss Stephen is significantly "strolling about in the moonlight"; on the next she has deserted her cousins, left the hotel, and is staying with the Thackerays in the centre of infection. The most ingrained Philistine could not remain bored, though bewildered she might be, by Miss Thackeray's charm. For it was a charm extremely difficult to analyze. She said things that no human being could possibly mean; yet she meant them. She lost trains, mixed names, confused numbers, driving up to Down, for example, precisely a week before she was expected, and making Charles Darwin laugh—"I can't for the life of me help laughing," he apologized. But then if she had gone on the right day poor Mr. Darwin would have been dying. So with her writing, too. Her novel "Angelica" "went off suddenly to Australia with her feet foremost, and the proofs all wrong and the end first!!!" But somehow nobody in Australia found out. Fortune rewarded the generous trust she put in it. But if her random ways were charming, who, on the other hand, could be more practical, or see things when she liked more precisely as

they were? Old Carlyle was a God on one side of his face, but a "cross-grained, ungrateful, self-absorbed old nut-cracker" on the other. Her most typical and, indeed, inimitable sentences rope together a handful of swiftly gathered opposites. To embrace oddities and produce a charming, laughing harmony from incongruities was her genius in life and in letters. "I have just ordered," she writes, "two shillings' worth of poetry for my fisherman. . . . We take little walks together, and he carries his shrimps and talks quite enchantingly." She pays the old dropsical woman's fare in the omnibus, and in return the "nice, jolly nun hung with crucifixes" escorts her across the road. Nun and fisherman and dropsical old woman had never till that moment, one feels sure, realized their own charm or the gaiety of existence. She was a mistress of phrases which exalt and define and set people in the midst of a comedy. With nature, too, her gift was equally happy. She would glance out of the window of a Brighton lodging-house and say: "The sky was like a divine parrot's breast, just now, with a deep, deep, flapping sea." As life drew on, with its deaths and its wars, her profound instinct for happiness had to exert itself to gild those grim faces golden, but it succeeded. Even Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts and the South African war shine transmuted. As for the homelier objects which she preferred, the birds and the downs and the old charwoman "who has been an old angel, without wings, alas! and only a bad leg," and the smut-black chimney-sweeps, who were "probably gods in disguise," they never cease to the very end to glow and twinkle with merriment in her pages. For she was no visionary. Her happiness was a domestic flame, tried by many sorrows. And the music to which she dances, frail and fantastic, but true and distinct, will sound on outside our formidable residences when all the brass bands of literature have (let us hope) blared themselves to perdition.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

BYRON'S LAST YEAR.

Byron: the Last Journey. By HAROLD NICOLSON. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

THIS is one of those books which "it is a positive pleasure to read"; one which even a reviewer is sorry to finish. What more can one say? Why, those who wish to be disagreeable will not fail to say that it shows the influence of the author of "Eminent Victorians." Of course it does: Mr. Nicolson and M. Maurois are the two most brilliant members of that new school of biography of which Mr. Strachey is the master. But to whom that is discredit, or why it should be discredit to anyone, is more than I can make out.

Mr. Nicolson makes the last year of Byron's life fall very neatly into three parts. First: why did he go? The fifty pages in which that question is raised and answered are perhaps the most lively in this most lively book: also, they are, to me at any rate, convincing. In the spring of '23 Byron was bored as even Byron had never been bored before: he was bored with his whole way of life; he was bored with Italy and the tenth-rate people he met there; he was bored with his own reputation and with being an incessant raree show; he was more than bored with the dreadful Hunts and their filthy brats and the whole tribe of touchy, enthusiastic malcontents which Shelley had left on his hands; worst of all, he was sick to death of his mistress, and, as ill luck would have it, this mistress was a person whom he could not shake off without some decent excuse. Well, there was Greece; and in a dashing chapter Mr. Nicolson sketches enough of the European situation to explain why Greece was there.

One of the things that Mr. Strachey has taught the younger generation is the art of drawing characters without sacrificing documents, or rather the art of building them up out of documents. Mr. Nicolson is his aptest pupil; without being less easy and entertaining than M. Maurois he contrives to be much more scholarly. In this first part of his book he depends a good deal on Lady Blessington—too much perhaps. For her ladyship seems to have been a silly woman with a taste for sentimental high-falutin, who, when Byron "played up," took all that he said for serious self-revelation: beneath the cynical and raffish exterior she was bent on finding a sensitive and gentlemanly soul, and

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No. 5

THE STORY OF COAL SAFETY FIRST

Mining is a dangerous occupation — for those miners who are employed underground. The only absolutely safe mine is the mine in which no man works and from which no coal is produced.

But Mr. Humphrey Morgans, President elect of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, says that "more is being done for the safety of workers in British mines than ever before" and the British Coal Mines are shown by official figures to be the safest in the world. In the United States for 1922 the fatal accident rate was over 2½ per thousand persons employed. In Great Britain for 1923 it was just over one per thousand persons employed, or just over 4½ per million tons of coal raised.

For 1913 in Great Britain it was over 1½ per thousand employed and nearly six per million tons raised. Between 40 and 50 years ago the average was 2½ per thousand employed and 7½ per million tons. The downward curve has been steady and continuous.

The whole of the miner's life underground and every detail of mine management is the subject of elaborate regulation embodied in Acts of Parliament and enforced by severe penalties upon the manager for infringement.

There are in every mine examiners or deputies whose whole time is devoted to making inspections of the mine as to the presence of gas, ventilation, state of roof and sides. They are required to examine every part of the mine not less than two hours before the commencement of each shift, and before the men are allowed to enter the working places. The miners themselves may appoint two of their number to inspect the mine at least once a month.

Daily personal supervision by the manager is required by Act of Parliament. Continual inspection is also carried on by the Mining Engineer — the machinery must be inspected at least once in every twenty-four hours — and over him and the manager are the Inspectors appointed by the Mines Department.

Mining, however, is a healthy occupation. Dr. Haldane, the great Public Health authority, in evidence before the Sankey Commission said:—

"Although Coal Mining is associated with a number of special dangers, it entails in this country less loss of life than average occupations. The death rate from accidents is about double the average in other occupations; but owing to the exceptionally healthy conditions the death rate from disease is much below the average. The total death rate is thus below the average. About sixty years ago the general death rate among coal miners was about a third higher than in average occupations, but has since then diminished much more rapidly than in most other occupations. The accident death rate among coal miners has diminished to about a fourth of what it was sixty years ago."

That is the record of Private Enterprise. And the reduction in the fatal accident rate will continue.

Send for **SPECIAL LEAFLET** giving statistics of fatal accidents in British Mines and those of other countries and further information on the Safety question. This Leaflet is obtainable from **PHILLIP GEE**, 40, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

his lordship was very willing to produce one. I am sorry too, that Mr. Nicolson should have added his pleasant tones to the disparaging clamour against the Guiccioli. What precisely was her offence I have never been able to learn, but suppose it to have been that she was a foreigner and a lady. That she was the former shocked English men of letters; it was the latter, no doubt, that irritated Mrs. Shelley and her crew.

Part two: on board "The Hercules," Argostoli, Metaxata. No document that I know of obliges us to share the author's slightly melodramatic conception of the voyage as something felt from the first to be "fatal." "He knew that the only positive action of which he was still capable was death. And was it positive? No wonder that he crouched there, sullen and despairing, in the stern." "Sullen and despairing," or bilious and peevish? Be that as it may, the great surprise to most readers in this part of the book will be Mr. Nicolson's view of Trelawny. Mr. Nicolson does not like Miss Mayne's "great gentleman," and has no difficulty in showing—and shows brilliantly—what a noisy, ignorant, conceited blackguard the man was. But surely there is more to be said about the writer of the "Recollections" and of those letters. Surely one can see in Trelawny, not only the writer, but that which made him write as he did. For Trelawny is one of those—Cobbett is another, and Byron himself, in his letters, a third—whose prose is remarkable just because it takes so decisively the imprint of a remarkable character. A man who had no more in him than Mr. Nicolson allows might have written better than Trelawny, but could never have written as Trelawny wrote.

Missolonghi, in spite of Mr. Nicolson's detached and tolerably cynical tone, which he rarely drops, and when dropped the reader invariably regrets, is frankly terrifying. Never was rat more miserably trapped; never was trap set in a more lugubrious spot; never was man more hopelessly beaten, nonplussed, impotent, cheated, ill-used and alone. And it was Byron. What he suffered from the Souliots we know from his letters; what he suffered from Colonel Stanhope we know from that gentleman's letters to the London Committee ("Lord Byron mentioned his Panopticon as visionary. . . . I said that Bentham had a truly British heart.") He must have been ready to die: but Bruno and Millingen, with their imbecile notions and professional brutality, could not let him do even that in peace.

CLIVE BELL.

TWO SORTS OF CRIMINAL.

Life Begins To-morrow. By GUIDO DA VERONA. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
Marching On. By RAY STRACHEY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

"THIS novel," the publishers tell us of "Life Begins To-morrow," "has reached its twenty-fifth Italian edition." The fact is not surprising. I shall be surprised if it does not go into twenty-five editions more. It begins with a country house party consisting of Giorgio Fiesco, the owner of the house; his beautiful wife Novella, her pretty sister Maria Dora, her father, her mother; her idiot brother, who composes songs appropriate to every crisis, and sings them to the accompaniment of his violin; Berta, the fat servant girl to whom the idiot brother makes amorous advances whenever the more important characters are not occupying the scene with amorous encounters of their own, and Andrea Ferrento, a famous bacteriologist, who is Giorgio's dearest friend and Novella's lover.

Novella loves Andrea; but the situation is embarrassing. Giorgio is dying of a tumour on the liver. Novella is expecting Andrea's baby. It is a race between death and scandal. Naturally the lovers prefer death—for Giorgio. As Giorgio is dying anyhow, Andrea decides to hurry him up. For this purpose he injects from time to time a little poison into his veins. One night the sick man, who has a noble soul, rises from his bed and comes to Andrea's room. "Listen," says Giorgio:—

"The greatest good is not life, it is peace. Look me in the eyes: you will see in them the soul that does not lie. I have forgiven you, you and her. At the summit of my dreams I have placed your happiness; I have suppressed my good for your good. Since you love and since that sin has been stronger than your honesty, be happy, you at

least who have in the world a possible happiness. The life that becomes for ever useless to itself should continue in another. But if the soul is capable of these great things, the flesh is not, the envious flesh that suffers, that despairs. Now I say to you: Andrea, my brother, free me from this unhappy flesh . . . give me poison."

So, after a little demur, Andrea mixes a particularly deadly poison, gives Giorgio's wrist a "jag," and the thing is done.

Follows the scene in which he carries the dead man back to bed—surely a man like Andrea Ferrento would have persuaded his victim to go to bed first?—the scene in which he breaks the news to Novella—"She will scream," he thought. . . and he prepared his hand to smother that scream"—the scene in which he speaks a funeral oration over his friend's grave. At half-time Signor da Verona introduces a spiteful step-brother of Giorgio's, not mentioned in his will, a couple of blackmailers, a reactionary Catholic editor to attack freedom of mind in the person of Andrea, a mob for Andrea to quell with his "physical prestige," a disinterment, a trial, and a triumphant acquittal for Andrea. "Was it necessary to lie? He would lie. . . . As to his crime, he had almost forgotten it: it was necessary to win, and to win magnificently, for the sake of those with him; to win even with cruelty, sweeping away the enemy, since he carried a flag, and flags must never stop half-way."

"Meanwhile," the author tells us, "in Giorgio Fiesco's house, Novella had brought into the world the son of Andrea. He was born calmly in a starlit hour, in a quiet, religious room, where the heavy autumn perfume entered voluptuously in great waves. She was made insensible so that she should not suffer, and she gave him peacefully to the world, as if she had borne him not in her suffering body, but on her strong arms." Signor da Verona's method is consistent. Novella gives birth to her son in this way, while, when Giorgio lies dead, his brother only just saved himself from crying out, so terrible was the sight of that face.

"He saw it livid, almost to blackness, with the ears, the two cheek-bones, the jaws, spotted with wine-coloured marks, the eyes puffy and seeming decayed, the mouth swollen, distorted, not closed, and trickling from the corners, among the hairs of the beard, a viscid, shining moisture, that slid down the neck like a tortuous snail track."

Most corpses are quieter than this. We leave Andrea and Novella rich and happy, contemplating their sleeping son. And the moral is: if an inconvenient person presses you to murder him, murder him; but lie about it afterwards in the usual way.

It is refreshing after "Life Begins To-morrow" to read a book in which an author suggests that men think of other things besides women, and women of other things besides men. In "Marching On" the hero says frankly to the heroine, "I'm bound to tell you, I don't really hold with seasons of opportunity, and I'm somewhat doubtful about sanctifications." Mrs. Strachey writes of the doings of Baptists, Free-will Baptists, Presbyterians, Primitive Methodists, First and Second Methodists, Methodist Episcopalians, Seventh-Day Baptists, Congregationalists, Universalists, Pro-Slavery Men, and Abolitionists. What she has really done is to write a history of the year that preceded the American Civil War. Of this unpicturesque period she has made an absorbingly interesting study. She has chosen for her chief character Susan Bright, a "backwoods" girl bent on self-education and freedom. Susan leaves her home against her parents' will, goes to a woman's college, joins the anti-slavery agitators, and, after some years of public work, marries a man who becomes a follower of John Brown. The portrait of John Brown himself is the best thing in the book. Mrs. Strachey, while completely understanding the noble simplicity of the old man, does not fail to reveal his savage narrowness and cruelty. Anyone who wants to know what a civil war is like cannot do better than read these pages. Mrs. Strachey's account of the Pottawatomie massacre, when John Brown "selected" five Pro-Slavery men and killed them in revenge for the five Free-State men murdered earlier in the year, is a most effectively thrilling and horrifying piece of writing. Here, surely, is an explanation of the mind of the idealistic murderer, that difficult person who is at once so much better and so much worse than the ordinary sceptical citizen. It is a most illuminating study, and makes the present book one which no student of politics should miss.

SYLVIA LYND.

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THE LATEST PROUST.

La Prisonnière. By MARCEL PROUST. Two vols. (Paris: "Nouvelle Revue Française." 15fr.)

A NEW instalment of Proust is one of the very few things that make life worth living. But a particular interest attaches to the present volumes, as being the first to be published after the author's death. Until there was definite proof to the contrary, one could not but fear that the manuscript might be unchecked and amorphous, that the remainder of the book might be on a lower literary plane than the preceding volumes. All such fears are now dissipated. Fortified by the knowledge that the author did not correct the final proofs, it is possible occasionally to detect something a trifle *décousu* in the narrative, or incidents and reflections which have not been quite perfectly woven into the fabric of the text, and which sometimes almost look like marginal notes. But in any case such passages are extremely rare. The beauty of the writing is absolutely unimpaired.

These last two volumes deal with the life together in Paris of the author and Albertine, and the brilliant and brutal cunning with which the Verdurins contrive to manoeuvre a smash in the relations of Charlus and Morel. This second incident, which occupies most of volume two, reaches a height of tragedy, the equal of which can only be found in "Edipus" or "Lear." It is one of the most triumphantly dramatic passages in the whole epic. Conceive the horror of M. Charlus crushed into hopeless silence:—

"Laissez-moi, je vous défends de m'approcher," cria Morel au Baron. "Vous ne devez pas être à coup d'essai. Je ne suis pas le premier que vous essayez de pervertir." Ma seule consolation était de penser que j'allais voir Morel et les Verdurins pulvérisés par M. de Charlus. Pour mille fois moins que cela j'avais essuyé ses colères de fou, personne ne l'était à l'abri d'elles, un roi ne l'eût pas intimidé. Or il se produisit cette chose extraordinaire. On vit M. de Charlus muet, stupéfait, mesurant son malheur sans en comprendre la cause, ne trouvant pas un mot, levant les yeux successivement sur toutes les personnes présentes, d'un air interrogateur, indigné, suppliant, et qui semblait leur demander moins encore ce qui s'était passé que ce qu'il devait répondre. Pourtant M. de Charlus possédait toutes les ressources, non seulement de l'éloquence, mais de l'audace, quand, pris d'une rage, qui bouillonnait depuis longtemps contre quelqu'un, il le clouait de désespoir, par les mots les plus sanglants, devant les gens du monde scandalisés et qui n'avaient jamais cru, qu'on pût aller si loin. . . . Peut-être ce qui le rendait muet, était-ce—en voyant que M. et Mme. Verdurin détournaient les yeux et que personne ne lui porterait secours—la souffrance présente et l'effroi surtout des souffrances à venir; ou bien, que ne s'étant pas d'avance par l'imagination monté la tête et forgé une colère, n'ayant pas de rage toute prête en main, il avait été saisi et brusquement frappé au moment où il était sans armes; (car sensitif, nerveux, hystérique, il était un vrai impulsif, mais un faux brave; même comme je l'avais toujours cru, et, ce qui me le rendait assez sympathique, un faux méchant. . . .)

But most of these two volumes is occupied with his cohabitation with Albertine in his mother's flat, and Albertine's final disappearance. Even some of the author's warmest admirers will be occasionally teased by the confusion of the sexes, which becomes well-nigh trackless; but having once accepted the solution that suits them best, they will find in these two volumes a psychological insight, particularly where jealousy is concerned, which is quite up to the level of anything in former volumes. We pass the day bathed in an atmosphere of suspicion, which comes to be as intolerable for us as for the author, who is reduced to a state where he cannot, it seems, leave the house for months together, and forms the desperate resolve to make a caged bird of his mistress. But he and the reader both know it is all in vain. Albertine can cheat and deceive him incessantly for all his ingeniousness and intelligence. It is impossible to cage a human soul or even a human body. The dice are always weighted in favour of the prisoner. One result of the tactics adopted by the author is that his whole relationship with Albertine comes to be based on a substructure of lies, lies which Proust examines with infinite sympathy and insight. Nothing has been nearly so well written before on lying and the part lying plays in the relationship of lovers. At the beginning the jealousy of the author appears almost too fantastic to be credible, but eventually it becomes truer than the truth. For the author is in this last instalment more symbolical and less realistic than before. Eventually, as his daily life and petty terrors

are detailed for us, the agony of the human race becomes unendurable. We turn a hideous X-ray on our wounded sensibilities, meanness, and cowardice; yet in the end the message is consoling. Our private unmentionable weaknesses of character have taken on a certain grandeur. As the author truly remarks—

"c'est ainsi que parfois, si nous lisons le chef-d'œuvre nouveau d'un homme de génie, nous retrouvons avec plaisir celles de nos réflexions que nous avons méprisées, des gaietés, des tristesses que nous avons contenues, tout un monde de sentiment dédaigné par nous et dont le livre, où nous les reconnaissons, nous apprend subitement la valeur."

F. B.

STUDIES IN CITIZENSHIP.

Citizenship. By Sir W. H. HADOW, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University. (Oxford University Press. 6s.)

The Common Weal. By the Rt. Hon. HERBERT FISHER, M.P. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

BOTH these volumes contain the substance of lectures delivered under the Stevenson Foundation to the University and City of Glasgow. Both disclaim the intention, within a course of ten or twelve lectures, of exhibiting a systematic course in Political Philosophy. Both are the product of ripe scholarship which, after fruitful years of teaching and reflection at Oxford, has been transferred to wider tasks in the world of education and of affairs. And of both it may be said that they gain rather than lose, for all except the specialist—and perhaps even for him too—by the way in which their easy and discursive treatment of great themes allows the writers to embody the combined results of the meditation of the student and the experience of the practical administrator.

Of the two, Sir Henry Hadow, the first in the field at Glasgow, is, perhaps, the more helpful, both in his general treatment of the subject and in his use of illustrative material. His book is full of interesting sidelights, ranging from a description of the Iroquois Confederacy to the history of roadmaking in Great Britain, and from an account of the teaching and practice of citizenship at the East Oxford School to a discussion of the League of Nations. In his general theory, Sir Henry Hadow inclines to the views of Hegel and Sir Henry Jones; the State for him is not simply a mechanism, but a "personality," the State and the individual "co-operating in a real and personal sense towards the fulfilment of the divine purpose." To discuss this conception here would carry us too far; it is more profitable to notice one very valuable suggestion thrown out in the chapter on "Education in Citizenship." "In every city of the Empire," he says, "there should be an institution established for the study and investigation of civic problems," including a library, an archive room, a lecture theatre, and "at least one committee room in which representatives of opposite political or industrial groups could meet and discuss their differences." Barnett House at Oxford, as he points out, is a model of what such an institution should be, and the man whose name it bears, it may be added, was a living embodiment of the spirit which should pervade it.

It would be tempting to dwell on the many points of equal interest in Mr. Fisher's volume, including, for instance, his account of the development of international law, his discussion of the attitude of the conscientious objector, his clear statement of the issue between the eugenists and the environmentalists, and his cogent criticism of the two related schools of opinion which are seeking, the one to "humanize" and the other to "outlaw" war. But it will, perhaps, be more useful to draw attention to one or two matters in which his treatment is more open to criticism; for when the weight of Mr. Fisher's name is attached to an opinion there is every chance that it will pass into popular currency if it is allowed to go forward unchallenged.

Mr. Fisher devotes several interesting pages to the general treaty of disarmament and guarantee, elaborated last year by Lord Cecil and his colleagues on the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League of Nations. He is sympathetic to the project in principle, and goes so far as to say that its adoption "would connote so great an advance in the standard of public morality and international confidence that we should rightly regard it as opening a new chapter in

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human relations." And then he proceeds to bring against the Cecil project an argument which he regards as "fundamental." It is that the guarantees involved in the project, applying, as they do, in a different degree to members of the League in different continents, would endanger the unity of the British Empire, which "for purposes of war and peace is a unity." Surely a most strange argument on the lips of a Liberal! For how can statesmanship worthy of that name justify the rejection of a scheme otherwise highly desirable for the welfare of mankind on the ground that it raises inconvenient domestic questions? What progress is likely to be made in international co-operation if such considerations are allowed to be decisive? If our present imperial arrangements are an obstacle to the "opening of a new chapter in human relations," then the sooner they are altered the better. But in point of fact Mr. Fisher's argument would seem to be based on a misconception, and to underestimate the importance of economic pressure and of sea-power, operating not in one continent but throughout all, in the guarantee scheme. The British members of the League of Nations can easily give the required guarantee under conditions which will relieve South Africans and French-Canadians from any fear that they will be called upon to send troops to Poland, Esthonia, or the Rhineland.

There is another matter, touched upon in this volume, in regard to which Mr. Fisher has equally laid himself open to the charge of standing sponsor to reactionary doctrine. It is in his treatment of subordinate languages, or, as he calls them in one passage, "provincial tongues." In the three very summary pages devoted to this subject, Mr. Fisher expresses approval of the "gigantic system of educational pressure" by which the American authorities have, until the recent adoption of wiser methods, been "squeezing out the original languages of the emigrants in the second generation" in the interests of "the standards and ideals of the English Common Law and of Anglo-Saxon liberty." He pours scorn on "the purposeful intensification of local feeling" which promotes the survival of Welsh, and lays it down as a general rule that "a nation is handicapped by the possession of a subordinate language." The reasoning on which this conclusion is based would be intelligible in the mouth of a Foreign Secretary or a War Minister accustomed to think in terms of heavy and homogeneous masses. In the mouth of an ex-President of the Board of Education it is little short of astounding, for in aiming at uniformity in defiance of hereditary influences and social environment it runs counter to all the recent expert evidence. The discussion on bilingualism at the Imperial Education Conference in 1911 brought together testimony on this point from South Africa, Quebec, Nova Scotia, India, Scotland, Wales, and Malta. But the *locus classicus* on this subject is chapters eighteen and forty-one of the more recent report on Calcutta University by Sir Michael Sadler and his colleagues, where Mr. Fisher will search in vain for a single advocate of the doctrine of "squeezing out the vernaculars," except where, like the 160 languages of Assam, they have remained at a very rudimentary stage: "It is through our vernacular," as the report finely says, "through our folk-speech, whether actually uttered or harboured in our unspoken thoughts, that most of us attain to the characteristic expression of our nature, and of what our nature allows us to be or to discern. . . . It is the mother-tongue which gives to the adult mind the relief and illumination of utterance, as it clutches after the aid of words when new ideas or judgments spring from the wordless recesses of thought or feeling under the stimulus of physical experience or emotion. Hence, in all education, the primary place should be given to training in the exact and free use of the mother-tongue."

But happily Mr. Fisher's practice has been better than his precept.

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN.

TWO WELCOME REPRINTS.

Medieval England. A New Edition of Barnard's "Companion to English History." Edited by H. W. C. DAVIS. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21s.)

English Industries of the Middle Ages. By L. F. SALZMAN, M.A., F.S.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s.)

THE Clarendon Press deserves the gratitude of all who are interested in the period to which Bishop Blougram so unkindly referred as "that dear middle age these noodles

praise." The devotees of the Middle Ages may be noodles (historical Blougrams wallowing in the edifying and ennobling study of the Great Powers in the nineteenth century not infrequently call them so), but they have an entertaining box of tricks; and when it is displayed as well as in these two books, even Blougrams may be momentarily turned aside. Both Barnard's well-known "Companion to English History" and Mr. Salzman's little study of English industries have long been undeservedly (or should it be deservedly?) out of print, and the new editions are enlarged and revised, and, above all, adorned with a lavish collection of illustrations, most of them from contemporary sources; such beautifully produced books are a credit to any press, even to a university press noted for its high standard of production.

Barnard's "Companion" is now edited by Mr. H. W. C. Davis in a format which makes it a companion to the same press's two big volumes on "Shakespeare's England." Certain chapters have been entirely rewritten, and among them the admirable chapter on "Monks, Friars, and Secular Clergy," divided between Miss Rose Graham, Mr. A. G. Little, and Mr. Baskerville, deserves a special word of appreciation. It should, however, be made clear that the maps of *Anglia Monastica* do not contain all the monastic houses of England; if they purport to do so, they are incomplete; the reviewer has checked them for nunneries and has found a number of omissions, and the same is probably the case with the smaller houses of monks.

The chapters not rewritten have been revised and brought up to date, but, if such a criticism be not ungracious, one or two of these would perhaps have been better for a new treatment. This is particularly true of two chapters dealing with economic history, the work of two fine scholars now dead. Mr. Townsend Warner was in some sense a pioneer of economic history, and certainly did as much as any man in popularizing it, but his account of the manor is a little old-fashioned in treatment, in view of the amount of work which has recently been done on this subject. He (or his reviser) quotes the work of Mr. T. W. Page, but not of Professor Gray or Miss Levett, as to the extent to which the commutation of labour services had proceeded before 1348, and fails to make the salient point that there was a difference here between the rapid commutation of services in the pastoral North-West, and their greater tenacity in the corn-growing Midlands and South-East. Moreover, the Black Death, which we now know to have been little more than a ripple on the surface of agrarian development, is still treated as a landmark. A statement such as "consequently the lords set themselves to get rid of what villeins remained, and to use all the land of the manor for sheep," is a staggering generalization as applied to fifteenth-century enclosure, and seeing that the book is called "Medieval England" it is not quite clear why the author considered it necessary to pursue agrarian history up to the time of Arthur Young.

The late Mr. Leadam's sketch of trade and commerce is also written on somewhat conventional lines. A little more about cargoes and a little less about policy (it is really very doubtful whether the mediæval kings can be said to have had anything save a policy of opportunism, dictated by fiscal necessities, in the matter of trade) would have been much more interesting; and again, it is difficult to see why the account has been prolonged to 1600, more especially as the section on the sixteenth century is wholly inadequate to that great age of expansion. But these are details, and the book remains what it always was, an invaluable companion to mediæval history.

Mr. Salzman is already known to mediævalists as a historian with a sense of humour and a talent for putting his thumb into a will or an early Chancery Proceeding and pulling out a plum; and readers of the old "Athenæum" will remember his articles. His little study of "English Industries of the Middle Ages," slight and rather desultory as it is, is based on a great deal more original research and conveys a great deal more information than many more pretentious volumes on the economic history of the Middle Ages. The trades with which he deals are coal, iron, lead, silver, and tin mining, quarrying, building, metal-working, pottery, tiles, bricks and glass, clothmaking, leather-working, fishing, and brewing, and he adds a chapter on the control of industry. It is difficult in a short review to give any idea of

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the interesting details which can be gleaned from him. According to the mediæval mine law of Derbyshire, a thrice-repeated theft of ore was punishable by pinning the offender's hand with a knife to the uprights of his windlass, and forcing him to forswear the mine altogether if he got free. Similarly, if a Mendip miner stole lead worth 13d. his property was forfeited and the bailiff had to bring him "where hys howse or wore [i.e., ore] hys, hys work and towlls with all instruments belongyng to that occupacyon, and then put hym in hys howss or working place, and set fyer yn all together about hym and banyshe hym from that occupacyon for ever by fore the face of all the myners there." But, as Bacon or Blougram might say, "enough of these toys."

EILEEN POWER.

THE THEORY OF POETRY.

The Theory of Poetry. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Secker. 5s.)

MANY indeed, since Aristotle, have been the sayings of the wise, as well as of the foolish, upon the art of poetry; but only too often they have been dogmatic rather than persuasive, and too seldom scientific in spirit. Now one great merit of Professor Abercrombie's new book is that its temper is scientific and never doctrinaire, although it deals with such controversial subject-matter. He holds strong opinions, but always gives his reasons for them, and never fails to clarify a problem, even when he does not altogether solve it. By the application of a little common sense, he is able to dispose convincingly of quite a number of popular fallacies, as, for example, "the poet whose work has more matter than art, and his companion in misfortune, who has more art than matter." With regard to the second, he writes:—

"Swinburne . . . is still quoted as the type of poet who exhibits art without matter. Again, a phrase takes the place of criticism. Why is Swinburne's work sometimes so thrilling, sometimes so dull? He had found out certain devices which in his earlier work had done such wonders that he went on using them whether they were appropriate or not. Was this excessive art? It was a woeful lack of art. Art without matter can only be, in poetry, language without meaning: which is as much as to say, language that is not language. Swinburne may have come near to that; but the nearer he came, the less art he showed, for the art of poetry is simply the art of electrifying language with extraordinary meaning. Art without matter is not art at all."

But it is mainly by the author's constructive theories about poetical technique that his book must be judged. At the risk of doing some injustice to his closely reasoned argument, I quote the following passage:—

"The instrument of poetry is not so much *words as language*; not so much the separable meaning, however expansive, which can be assigned to this word or that, nor even to this phrase or that, but the continued organization of this into language, into the process of *verbal thought*, in the broadest sense. We do not, as some have supposed, get away from symbolism by this extension. . . . Language as the vehicle of connected and coherent thought must still be only a symbol in poetry; for it is not thought which urges poetry into existence. A poet's motive will always be the immediate delight of experience; and if he has to reduce this to thought, it is not because we require him to think *about* experience, but (so far as it is possible) to think *experience itself*; that is, to think in language a symbolic equivalent to it, simply because then he will have in his mind something he can communicate."

Some may find the chapter on Inspiration and Form the least convincing part of the book. Professor Abercrombie rightly insists upon the importance of the original inspiration, or private *imaginative experience* of the poet, which he afterwards embodies in language:—

"I mean an experience which, long after its first occurrence, has been continued in the poet's mind by imagination—by the power, namely, of holding something constantly before the mind in keen and vivid definition."

This is undoubtedly true; but his theory seems somewhat too one-sided when he says that "verbal thought has nothing to do with" such imaginative experiences, and that "we must use Shakespeare's language in order to have Shakespeare's thought; but it is for the sake of the thought that the language is there." Surely it would be just as true to say

that it is for the sake of the language that the thought is there.

A different, or rather a complementary aspect of the matter has been admirably stated by Mr. Sturge Moore, when he writes that the poet "plays with language, attracted by its beauties and possibilities, and in doing so he does for himself what afterwards his poems do for us—he awakens or creates emotions in his heart that it knew little or nothing of before, and as he continues he clarifies, strengthens, and adds to them." Even in the case of lyrical poems on a small scale, it is difficult to see how the verbal form which finally emerges can be so exact a reflection, as Professor Abercrombie sometimes seems to imply, of the original imaginative conception. It is hard to say. We know so little of the various mysterious ways in which the minds of poets work. But perhaps some of them, even when creating poems that are perfect in form and unity, proceed by more hand-to-mouth methods than is generally suspected, continually modifying, contracting, and amplifying their first conception according to the felicitous suggestions and the tyrannical limitations of their verbal medium.

But such criticism of Professor Abercrombie's theory probably amounts to little more than a difference of aspect or emphasis. Here, as elsewhere, he has brought to bear upon his problem a sane and candid intelligence and the experience of a poet, and the result is a remarkable and fascinating book, which is, besides, a masterpiece of vivid English prose.

R. C. TREVELYAN.

HOUSING PROBLEMS.

Everyday Architecture: a Sequence of Essays addressed to the Public. By MANNING ROBERTSON. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

IT is a question whether the title of this little book is justified. Neither the great works of Sir Christopher Wren (Chap. XVI.) nor the historical buildings of Ireland (Chap. XV.) are exactly "everyday architecture," and the author would be the first to admit that his highly amusing story (Chap. XIV.) of the concrete floor that killed an old woman in its collapse is not an everyday incident in modern building. Nor is this precisely a "sequence" of essays, but rather a miscellaneous collection, in part reprinted, of the author's sallies into such fields as have interested him during recent years. With this qualification, his chapters will attract the public alike by their subjects and by their readable style.

Mr. Robertson has an inquiring type of mind and sufficient imagination to allow him to see things from a non-professional point of view. He is thoroughly experienced in the great scheme for housing the people that followed the war, he rightly regards it as an honest and skillful attempt to solve a difficult problem, and he is hopeful for the future. Criticism of housing schemes has been often ill-informed and generally ill-natured. As he points out, the innumerable shacks and shanties that have sprung up all over the countryside are "subsidy-houses," the subsidized freaks of the private individual. They are un-English in their rickety construction, which is more characteristic of a half-baked township of Western America. And they have little in common with the ordered groups of cottages erected by local authorities after long consideration with skilled architects. A few years hence, when the bareness of these post-war houses has been mitigated by growing gardens and trees, their merits will be appreciated. Architectural opinion, and indeed all educated opinion, is unanimous in regarding this great experiment, hampered as it was by the need for severe economy in many directions, as an unqualified success from the point of view of healthy town development. It was not, however, a success financially, and Mr. Robertson is convinced that the future lies with the speculative builder rather than with the State. But this raises the whole question of public taste, for the public gets what it wants, and the author makes an honest attempt to account for the prevalence of bad taste in small domestic architecture. It is largely due, he thinks, to the fact that most small houses were, and are, erected by builders without sound architectural advice. Thus he accounts for the pretentious porches and sham "half-timber," the meretricious ornament and coloured glass, provided to satisfy the snobbery of many suburban women, while the backs and sides of such houses are left to take care of

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themselves. (But to some extent surely this is the fault of architects as a class, who have not yet succeeded in organizing themselves into a close profession and thus obtaining public recognition. Nor have they always taken sufficient trouble over apparently sordid and trumpery details connected with the building of small houses. On the other hand, reputable architects have sometimes been hindered by their own professional conscience from taking part in the shady negotiations often associated hitherto with speculative building.) But the main obstacle is that the architect is connected, in the public mind, with superfluous ornament and superfluous cost, both, as Mr. Robertson points out, things distasteful to him for excellent reasons, whereas the well-proportioned and restrained design that a skilled architect can provide is a thing that the public seldom understands or wants.

Readers will recognize the justice of his chapters on advertisements, smoke, fireproof houses, and by-laws (containing a very practical suggestion), as also of his views on revivals in architecture and the genesis of a new style. Architectural readers may question his statement (p. 56) that brick footings are "entirely superfluous," while others, from practical experience, know that gas-cookers (p. 56) are unpopular with many cottage dwellers on the ground of expense, and that grass margins to roads (p. 116) are apt to degenerate into mud-slides. Women of a certain type will need even more persuasion than he supplies (p. 43) to reconcile them to small window-panes. In a new edition, Charles V. (p. 39) should be relegated to his proper century, and a better word than "woggly" might be found to describe a Tudor chimney (p. 27). The book is well printed and illustrated, but the frontispiece hardly does justice to the charm of the old English village.

M. S. BRIGGS.

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Revolutions are a boon to story-tellers who have no social or moral axe to grind, and the Russian cataclysm has, despite its newness, as many advantages as the Reign of Terror. Mr. Rogers hurries on page 1 into the Petrograd of 1916, but as his hero, David Rand, a clear-headed American business man, is an observer as much concerned with the depreciation of money as with his love for the beautiful Russian, Natalie, we are hardly swept down the torrent of events, hidden behind barricades, or plucked across bullet-whistling streets: the revolution is a background: the book is, in fact, panoramic. But as such it is convincing enough, though the rich aristocrats and the simple peasants might be French, and the descriptions of place and scene are conveniently vague. We meet, of course, revolutionists such as Radkin, with pale faces and burning eyes; but the style, in accordance with the title, being lurid and apocalyptic, when Aneta cries out, "I love you, Alosha," and "her rigid body becomes like malleable white clay in the passion of his embrace," we are scarcely surprised.

Tarzan and the Golden Lion. By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

What, at this time of day, is there to be said of a Tarzan book, save that it is a Tarzan book? Tarzan is now to be seen on every suburban hoarding, he is a familiar figure on the films, and his name has long been a standard jest on the variety stage. What is the secret of this success? Primarily, no doubt, it is due to the feeling of the racial-child in us all that man is really very near to the brute. From Cyrus to Mowgli, from Romulus to Tarzan, the mind of man has loved to play with the idea of children suckled and reared by the denizens of the forest. As for the new Tarzan story, it is full of thrills. There is a gang of international crooks seeking Tarzan's treasure of Opar; there is a wonderful retrieving lion; there is a monstrous race of diamond-mining gorilla-men; there are savage tribes of varying courage and bloodthirstiness; there is Tarzan himself; and, at the back of them all, mixing the ingredients, there is Mr. Burroughs, with his endless invention and curbless imagination, as superbly regardless of probability as ever.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

THERE is no telling what bibliography may lay its hand to. The frontispiece to the 241st catalogue of Messrs. Myers, High Holborn, is a picture of an American powder-horn, c. 1760, with views of New York and other places and a route map on it. £140 is the price of this curiosity. £42 is marked against Blake's "Book of Job" in the same pages, the most singular item of which takes us to the £2,000 mark. It is "A Coeval Manuscript of Edmund Spenser," including his "Complaints," 1591. Messrs. Myers print some passages in which the "coeval manuscript" differs from the printed text.

A part of the library of the late H. F. House, the Shakespearean student whose will required and was obeyed by the destruction of all his textual and commentary manuscripts, has passed into Messrs. Dobell's hands, and occupies most of their 33rd list. It consists largely of seventeenth-century plays. Among the books from other sources whose entries follow, a notable copy of "Poems," 1646, by James Shirley, and one of the Earl of Westmoreland's "Otia Sacra," 1648, claim precedence. The Earl of Westmoreland printed these poems privately, and perfect copies are practically unrecorded. The present, being apparently the third, has corrections in the author's writing, and is priced £165.

Prose literature forms the "rough list," No. 788, of Messrs. Sotheman. The system of notes, witty and instructive, of which Messrs. Sotheman have the secret, has not failed to operate. Sometimes the commentator is excellent in sheer frankness, as when he follows the offer of a set of Barrie's works (New York, 1896) with "This American printing is, of course, not saleable in England." Often he draws attention to good work neglected or misunderstood; and the details about circumstances of publication which he gives are "with authority."

Presumably someone collects almost any subject that can be named. Unprinted books, for instance, by uncelebrated authors doubtless find a home; there is one such in Messrs. Thorpe's 106th list, "Mr. Power's translation of 'Paradise Lost' into Latin. For £5 10s. this labour of love, once 'bought at Cambridge abt. 1740,' may be bought again; in these dark ages, however, Latin versifications are not on the wave. "Beeton's Juveniles" is, we would venture, a likelier heading. Messrs. Thorpe have a number of these, which the youth of to-day doubtless leave to their elders to appreciate.

"Moderns," despite all the prophets, and despite recent falling-off in some instances, continue to hold respectable rank among the booksellers. The Nonesuch Press reveals a development of this fashion, and one obviously more solid than the fashion itself. We have our Campbells, Moores, Barry Cornwalls, among the poets whose slight productions are so boldly valued; but when Messrs. Dulau (catalogue 112) ask £2 5s. for the Marvell which appeared at 15s., there is a basis. For such books are in substance and making alike things which will go on. Messrs. Dulau's list is chiefly of "gentleman's library" books.

So, too, would we describe catalogue No. 8 from Mr. G. Y. McLeish, Hammersmith, whose exhibits begin with Albertus Magnus, "De Animalibus," 1495, and proceed through presses of Antwerp, Venice, Basle, Bologna, to Ann Yearsley the poetical milkwoman. Mr. McLeish describes a copy of Spenser's "Works," 1611-13, as "a most remarkable copy, as spotless and crisp as when first issued."

Our survey, or rather the setting-out of a survey, concludes at the new and sizable list of Mr. James Grant, Edinburgh. In second-hand catalogues, one great desideratum is to have plenty; and Mr. Grant's numerous titles are serviceably grouped. Many of the agreeable reprints of the nineteenth century, in the "Library of Old Authors," in the "Aldine" series, in the "Shakespeare Society Publications," and otherwise, will meet the willing eye in this pamphlet. Books on music, on natural history, and on travel complete it.

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THE Soviet rouble died on Monday. On that date it ceased to be quoted at Moscow in terms of the new unit, the chervonetz. The outstanding issue of the rouble is to be bought in by the authorities at the rate of 500,000 new Soviet roubles per chervonetz; the new Soviet rouble being some astronomical multiple of the old Russian rouble. So far the policy of stabilizing the new unit has been a remarkable success. The new note is to come into circulation at the beginning of the year, and the circulation now exceeds £30 millions in value, of which more than half is covered by reserves in gold, silver, and foreign currency. The theoretical value of the chervonetz is 10 gold roubles, very nearly the equivalent of £1 sterling, at gold par, which is 9.46 gold roubles. The following table shows that the chervonetz has been steadily maintained at a value somewhat exceeding the pound sterling.

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Sept. 1 ...	18,400,000	10,000,000	1.04
Dec. 1 ...	26,776,000	13,950,000	1.05
Feb. 1 ...	30,300,000	16,000,000	1.08
Mar. 10 ...	—	—	1.16

The "Financial Times" has published recently very interesting tables showing the fate of typical investments by the average Frenchman. This table was calculated when the franc stood at 94 to the pound.

FIXED INCOME-YIELDING.

	1914.	1923.	at 94
	Gold francs = £ s. d.	Paper francs = £ s. d.	francs = £ s. d.
3% Rentes (perpetual) ...	88	3 11 0	54
3% Rentes (redeemable) ...	75	3 0 0	66
3% Russians, 1896 ...	74	2 18 6	17
5% Russians, 1906 ...	104	4 3 0	28
6% Unified Turks ...	87	3 10 0	55
5% Turks, 1914 ...	93	3 14 0	33
2% City of Paris, 1899 ...	367	14 16 0	236
2½% City of Paris, 1905 ...	360	14 8 0	330
3% Foncier, 1903 ...	460	18 8 0	300
3% Foncier, 1909 ...	225	9 0 0	160
3% Communal, 1906 ...	420	16 16 0	290

ORDINARY SHARES.

	1914.	1923.	at 94
	Gold francs = £	Paper francs = £ s. d.	francs = £ s. d.
A. E. G. ...	1,000	40	1,330
Rio Tinto ...	1,870	75	2,550
Crédit Lyonnais ...	1,300	53	1,650
Central Mining ...	175	7	840
Lautaro ...	250	10	675
Iron and Steel (Marine) ...	1,500	60	800
Fives-Lille ...	1,000	40	2,710
Say-Refineries ...	420	17	3,300
Baku Oil ...	1,500	60	2,645
Royal Dutch ...	400	16	28,700
Carmaux ...	2,400	96	1,555
Lens Mines ...	1,250	50	400

Professor Gaston Jéze, in a recent article contributed to the "Journal des Finances," has called attention to the extreme lack of information which exists as to the financial situation in France. Most of the figures ordinarily quoted are those of the estimates of increased expenditure at the beginning of the year. Obviously the actual results may prove widely different. In particular, the French Treasury has tried recently to create a favourable impression by calling attention to the increase in the receipts (resulting from the depreciation of the franc) without mentioning the equally inevitable increase in the expenditure. No final statement of accounts has been published for any year subsequent to 1915. No statement either has been made for a considerable time as to the magnitude of the floating debt. Current statements as to the volume of Bons du Trésor outstanding are only estimates. Other essential statistics are equally incomplete. The balance of Foreign Trade is rendered unreliable for purposes of comparison by the inclusion of the exports to the French Colonies. The statement of gold in the Bank of France includes gold which has been parted with long ago, probably irretrievably. On the other side of the Bank of France's account, the advances to the State do not include advances which had been made to the Government for the purposes of assistance to Foreign Governments. Professor Jéze emphatically points out that the absence of reliable information on all these matters contributes to the general uneasiness felt by the French public, and that the return to the methods of full publicity is an essential preliminary to the restoration of confidence.

The precise character of the new gold bank for the foundation of which the Bill is now being passed in the Reichstag is still somewhat obscure. Nor is it evident what relation this scheme is supposed to bear to the yet undisclosed projects of the Reparation experts. The most striking practical detail at present is that the new German currency is to be founded not on gold or on the dollar, but on the pound sterling. The new notes have been issued in denominations of pounds sterling, and all business will be done in pounds sterling. It is reasonable to conjecture that this arrangement may be connected with the undertaking which the German Minister of Finance has apparently received from a foreign syndicate to contribute not less than £5 millions to the capital of the new concern. It may be presumed that important interests must be behind this guarantee, and that the matter must have the approval of the Bank of England.

Our contemporary, the "Statist," has been issuing a series of highly instructive articles on German currency and finance by Dr. Karl Helfferich. In particular, the following table is of much interest as giving a succinct summary of the German financial position during the past three years:—

Period	Quotation of dollar	Circulation		Revenue of the Reich in gold marks	Expenditure of the Reich Total	Return of funded debts	Reich in millions of gold marks.		
		—of money in milliards of paper marks	in Germany— in millions of gold marks				Supplies under the Peace Treaty	Allowances made to State undertakings	Home administra- tion of the Reich
Financial year:									
1921 ...	88	90	4,350	2,976	6,851	696	2,841	640	2,474
1922 ...	900	352	1,646	1,488	3,951	619	1,496	644	1,190
Monthly average:									
1921 ...	—	—	—	248	554	58	237	53	206
1922 ...	—	—	—	124	329	52	125	54	99
1923—April ...	29,800	6,604	932	151	467	—	71	134	241
May ...	69,500	8,644	523	123	285	—	76	108	86
June ...	154,500	17,392	473	48	496	—	65	155	250
July ...	1,100,000	43,893	167	48	474	—	51	126	276
August ...	10,300,000	668,702	282	78	1,013	—	44	255	670
September ...	160,000,000	28,244,000	752	56	1,662	—	42	413	1,025
October ...	72,500,000,000	2,507,965,000	300	15	882	—	27	270	518
November ...	4,200,000,000,000	518,900,000,000	1,585	63	1,510	—	?	504	?
December ...	4,200,000,000,000	607,900,000,000	2,274	164	494	—	?	—	?

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